

# The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

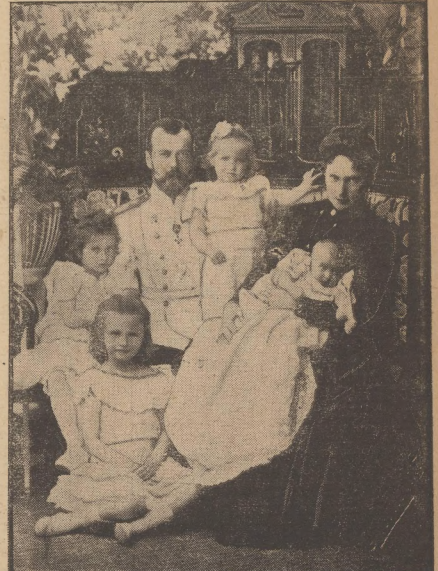
## THE RIOT AND BLOODSHED IN RUSSIA: THE TSAR AND HIS FAMILY.



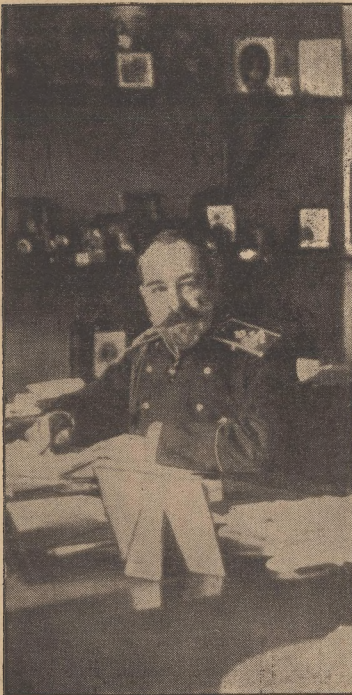
Tsar Nicholas II., the Autocrat of All the Russias, who has refused to grant his people a Constitution.—(Copyright, W. and D. Downey.)



The Tsaritsa Alexandra Feodorovna, a daughter of Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland, and niece of King Edward.—(Russell.)



A "home" photograph of the Tsar and his family, including the infant heir to the Imperial throne.



Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, the Minister of the Interior, through whom the revolutionary strikers negotiated as to their petition of grievances to the Tsar.



Outside the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, where the fatal demonstration by thousands of working men, under the leadership of a priest, Father Gapon, was made yesterday. The result of the meeting was that Cossacks fired on the crowd, killing or wounding 150 persons. The photograph shows the Tsar and Tsaritsa, with the Dowager-Empress, returning from a review.



## BIRTHS.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.



# STRIKERS SHOT DOWN.

Desperate Scenes of Carnage  
in St. Petersburg.

## FIERCE COSSACKS.

Civilians Fall in Trying to Storm  
the Palace.

## CAVALRY CHARGES.

Father Gapon, the Brave Socialist Priest,  
Twice Wounded in the Fierce Melee.

The long-expected has at last happened. The political agitation that has been secretly carried on in Russia, with renewed vigour since the war with Japan, has borne fruit. Mobs are battering at the Imperial Palace gates.

Refusing to give way an inch before public opinion, the Tsar's Ministers forbade the gathering of the workmen on strike. Nevertheless, they gathered. Their movements directed by the now famous priest, George Gapon, they began, about noon yesterday, to advance from different directions towards the Palace Square.

Blank cartridge was fired. A few ran, but the main body pressed on. Cossacks charged them and plied their heavy whips. They broke for the moment, but re-formed and pressed on again.

Then the troops were ordered to fire in deadly earnest. Moved by an impassioned appeal from one of the workmen's leaders, the infantry refused. They could not kill their brothers in cold blood. They flung their rifles down and stood sullen, half-fearful of the consequences, but determined.

The cavalry were more obedient. They fired, and fired again, volley after volley. The streets were strewn with dead and dying. The piteous cries of wounded women and children mingled with the sterner agony of men.

Within sight and sound of the Palace windows the fiercest fighting took place. At last by a tremendous effort the workmen were swept away into the smaller, narrower streets. There they set to work to make barricades that will stop cavalry charges. With to-day's dawn the struggle will be almost certainly renewed.

What are the workmen fighting for? That is lost sight of. Their object was to gain peaceful audience of the Tsar. Now their hearts are filled with wild rage against their Sovereign and all who advised him to butcher his subjects in the public street.

If the mass of the soldiery remain blindly loyal, the flame of revolution may for the moment be beaten down. Sparks will be left, though, that in a short time must burst again into a blaze.

If the Army should take the popular side, there is no safety in St. Petersburg for the Tsar or any of his Ministers. Their only hope will lie in instant flight.

Yesterday will long be remembered as "Red Sunday" in St. Petersburg.

The march of the striking workmen to the Winter Palace, there solemnly to set forth the grievances which have rendered their lives intolerable, was interrupted in bloody fashion by the soldiery, and in a moment there was revolutionary fighting almost as desperate as that which preceded the fall of the old French Monarchy.

Sedition no longer adopted the stealthy methods of assassination; for the first time in the modern history of Russia it fought boldly face to face with

the power of autocracy, only to be crushed—for the moment.

Quite early in the morning the capital presented the appearance of a besieged city. At each bridge, on the top of the boulevards, and in every spot of vantage were posted knots of fierce mounted Cossacks and infantry armed to the teeth, grimly waiting for the threatened outbreak.

Fully 50,000 men were in arms, ready at a word to slaughter their hunger-maddened countrymen.

The strikers made their first serious movement about ten o'clock. The workmen's district, Vassili Ostroff—the famed Fainbourg St. Antoine of St. Petersburg—was alive with people. As in revolutionary France, hundreds of women, haggard and fierce, had joined the men, ready as their brothers to die if necessary. Even children were in the great array.

At the Putloff works, on the banks of the Neva, and at other places great masses of desperate women also assembled. It was the Putloff strikers who first bore the brunt of collision with the military. A procession of 15,000 started towards the city. About eleven they were stopped by two squadrons of Cossacks, drawn up and barring the way. The incidents are graphically described by Reuter's correspondent.

### LOAD WITH BALL CARTRIDGE.

Three volleys of blank cartridge were fired. Some of the strikers, terror-stricken, fled over the ice on the Neva, but the mass of them stood their ground. The commander of the Cossacks, stern and resolute, ordered his men to load with ball cartridge. But here there was no necessity of firing. The Cossacks simply charged the crowd with their heavy whips, and they turned tail.

The great encounter of the day was reserved for the district near the Winter Palace. Though the Tsar remained at Tsarskoe Selo, some miles away from St. Petersburg, the Winter Palace square was jealously guarded, as if the whole Imperial family were within its walls, and the authorities were afraid that it would be raised to the ground by the infuriated revolutionaries.

As the crowd from Vassili Ostroff approached the Nicholas Bridge, leading to the Palace, they were stopped by a strong force of infantry, Uhlans, and Cossacks. The leaders of the men made impassioned appeals to the soldiers not to fire on their unfortunate brothers.

### INFANTRY REFUSED TO FIRE.

On this the infantry, affected almost to tears, laid down their arms. The sterner Cossacks, however, were true to the officers, and, obeying orders to charge, drove back the mob with their swords, wounding many.

A military band played while the conflict was proceeding.

Almost at the same time a fierce conflict was raging at the Troitski, somewhat to the east, but also near the Tsarskoe Selo, close to the Palace. This is the chief thoroughfare across the river. Ten thousand persons were attempting to force their way across when the cavalry were ordered to charge. Out leapt the gleaming sabres, and the crowd fled, pursued by the soldiers. The leaders harangued the malcontents, urging them all to flock to the Palace and there, before the military were able to keep the bridge closed.

The Putloff strikers, coming from the south-east, had a second conflict before they reached the neighbourhood of the Palace. Maintaining a menacing attitude in the face of a charge of Uhlans, they were fired on with ball cartridges, and eighty were killed and wounded.

## AT THE PALACE.

Square Surrounding the Tsar's Residence  
Turned Into a Battlefield.

Thus far the rioters had not reached the Palace. But by one means of approach or another there was a vast mass of humanity right in the Palace square.

The troops were baffled by sheer weight, and were unable to drive back the immense mobs. Firing became general. The square resembled a battlefield. The wild hurrahs of the crowd, mingling with the volleys of the rifles and the groans of the dying, brought back the days of the Paris barricades. Shouts of "Down with monarchy!" were heard, and the Tsar's name was coupled with oaths of execration.

Near the Troitski bridge five sledges full of killed and wounded were removed in a few minutes. Father Gapon, the head and front of the malcontents, was among the injured, and was afterwards arrested. A police superintendent was among those killed, and many women and children lost their lives in the terrible melee.

No fewer than 150 fell, mangled and bleeding, and more of them dead, in this part of the city. At last the unequal contest came to an end. The crowd retreated before the murderous fire. As they fled from the Palace square, along the Nevski Prospect, the troops fired three volleys, killing thirty and wounding many.

In their rage the mob tore up the roadway and hurled stones at the officers.

The avowed attempt of the great charge of workmen was to rush the Palace. It failed, and the Palace precincts were kept from rioters during the

afternoon, but fighting went on sporadically in the city afterwards. The mob erected wire entanglements across the streets in Vassili Ostroff to prevent the cavalry charging, and they tore down the telegraph wires to help in building barricades. During some of the conflicts the Cossacks used their whips in preference to their swords. The rioters are mad with anger at their treatment, and vow that they will be revenged. All over the city all tramcar and street traffic is stopped.

## BLOOD-SOAKED SNOW.

How the Passions of the Crowd Were Roused  
by the Troops.

It was a lovely day, frosty and crisp, and an unclouded sun shone on the terrible scenes of carnage. Snow lay on the ground, and soon it was soaked with the blood of the victims.

Reuter's correspondent says the sanguinary outcome of the encounter was not in the least degree expected by the great majority of the people. A few minutes before the conflict took place the soldiers composing the patrols were seen indulging in good-humoured horse-play, or gossiping round large fires kindled in the middle of the street. Well-to-do people, told there was danger of bloodshed, shrugged their shoulders and said a little knouting would put matters right.

Then the Putloff strikers first came into collision with the Cossack knots were first used then the flats of sabres. The foremost ranks of strikers fell on their knees and implored the Cossacks to let them pass, saying they had no hostile intention.

When orders were given to load with ball the passions of the mob broke loose like a bursting dam. The people seeing the dead and dying carried away in all directions cried aloud for vengeance.

Men, women, and children fell at each volley. It was no longer a workman's question. The indignation and fury of every class was aroused. Students, merchants, all classes of the population alike are inflamed. At the moment of wiring firing was going on in every quarter of the city.

Father Gapon was marching at the head of a large body of workmen, and carrying a cross and other religious emblems, when he was wounded in the arm and shoulder.

## TSAR'S PALACES.

Positions of the Great Winter Palace and  
Tsarskoe Selo.

The St. Petersburg Winter Palace is a handsome and imposing building facing the River Neva at its junction with the Little Neva.

A broad, semi-circular square, adorned by the column of Alexander I., separates the Palace from the General Staff and Foreign Ministry buildings. This square was the appointed rendezvous of the strikers, and in their attempts to force the various entrances to it the greatest bloodshed took place.

The Tsarskoe Selo, where the Tsar remains during the disturbances, is a Palace situated fifteen miles distant from St. Petersburg.

## FATHER GAPON'S RESOLVE.

"If the Authorities Shoot Us Down, I Shall  
Be the First to Fall."

Father Gapon, who was wounded in the fighting and put under arrest, is our "man of the moment" on page 7.

In an interview with the St. Petersburg representative of the "Standard" he stated that before the men struck he had formulated their demands to the Prefect of Police, who informed him that they would not be granted.

Then the strike began, and Father Gapon conceived the idea of presenting a petition to the Tsar. "We shall come without red flags," he said, "without revolutionary hymns or cries, simply as loyal citizens, to obtain a hearing of his Majesty."

"If the authorities shoot us down I shall be the first to fall. But our blood will accomplish more than the most successful agitation."

## SHAHO ARMIES.

300,000 Russians Facing the Japanese—No  
Battle Expected.

TOKIO, Saturday.—In well-informed quarters it is stated that the Russians have recently been reinforced by four divisions.

It is estimated that their present strength is nine army corps, numbering 300,000 men of all arms.

At present there are two and a half divisions facing General Oku, and two corps facing General Nodzu, while the greater strength of three corps confronts General Kuroki and guards the coal mines in the vicinity of Fushun.

Constant cannonading and rifle-firing occur, but there seems to be no immediate likelihood of a great battle being fought, as the cold is intense.—Reuter.

## MARCONI ROMANCE.

"Wireless" Wizard Engaged to a  
Peer's Daughter.

## BEAUTY AND WEALTH.

In the second week of March, and in London, the Chevalier Guglielmo Marconi, wizard of wireless telegraphy, will lead to the altar the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, fifth daughter of the late Lord Inchiquin, K.P.

Rumours of Mr. Marconi's engagement to an "Italian Princess," which were current last week, are set aside by this interesting announcement.

Mr. Marconi spent Sunday in town with his fiancée at the residence of Lady Inchiquin, in Lennox-gardens.

Beauty as well as wealth will be brought to Mr. Marconi by his Irish bride.

Miss O'Brien is a daughter of the Inchiquins, of Dromoland Castle, one of the oldest families in the Irish peerage.

By an interesting coincidence the brilliant young Italian inventor has Irish blood in his veins, his mother being an Irishwoman. He was born at Bologna on April 25, 1874, and educated at the university of that famous city, beginning his experiments there in wireless telegraphy in the 'nineties.

The bride-elect's step-brother, the present Lord Inchiquin, only succeeded to the title in 1900. One of his brothers is A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Jameson Raid has a place in the family records. The Hon. Henry and the Hon. Robert White, who suffered for their share in it, are the brothers of the bride-elect's mother, who is a daughter of the second Lord Annaly.

## "YOU'LL NEVER DO."

Crown Prince's Fiancee Refused a Place as  
Dressmaker's Model.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BERLIN, Sunday.—The Crown Prince, whose high spirits are well known, has been intensely amused by a recent adventure of his fiancée, the Duchess Cecile.

Seeing in one of the Berlin newspapers an advertisement for a young person of good appearance to act as a living model at a dressmaker's establishment, the Duchess with characteristic kindness endeavoured to secure the place for a protegee.

Accordingly the next day the Duchess drove round in her carriage to the shop in question, and having entered unaccompanied addressed the proprietor as follows:—

"I have seen your advertisement in the 'Tagblatt,' and think—"

But the proprietor, patting her on the back, benevolently interrupted the Duchess: "You'll never do, my dear. You haven't got the figure. But you've got a pleasant face. Come back in a month's time, and I'll see if I can take you on as junior saleswoman."

## NEW FRENCH PREMIER.

M. Rouvier Asked to Undertake the Formation  
of a Cabinet.

PARIS, Sunday.—President Loubet has asked M. Rouvier to undertake the formation of a new Cabinet.

After seeing M. Sarrien, M. Rouvier arranged to meet several political personages at the Ministry of Finance this afternoon. It is believed that M. Rouvier's visit to the Elysee is for the purpose of announcing formally his acceptance of the task of forming a Cabinet.

The newspapers this morning comment favourably on the prospect of a Rouvier Ministry.—Reuter.

## "BOSS" CROKER'S SON INJURED.

DAYTON (Florida), Sunday.—Mr. Frank Croker, son of Mr. Richard Croker, while riding in a motor-car at the rate of ninety miles an hour on the beach here, collided with a motor-cycle. The car was overturned and the chauffeur killed.

Mr. Croker has a leg, arm, and three ribs fractured and various cuts and contusions.—Reuter.

Lieut.-General Sir Bindon Blood is to retain the command of the Indian Frontier Army Corps until October, 1906.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Easterly breeze; cold and wintery generally; occasional snow locally.

Lighting-up time, 5.30 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth generally.



## "DAILY MIRROR'S" MAGIC MOVE.

Its Machinery and Plant Whisked  
from One Building to Another  
In a Day.

### 300 MEN HARD AT WORK.

Saturday's Paper Was Produced at No. 2,  
Carmelite Street—To-day's at No. 12,  
Whitefriars Street.

The *Daily Mirror*, which has astonished Fleet-street, the home of journalism, so often in the past year, did another remarkable thing on Saturday, thus giving newspaper men one more topic of wonder.

The *Daily Mirror* moved from its old home, No. 2, Carmelite-street, where it was established, to its new and huge quarters at No. 12, Whitefriars-street—moved bag and baggage—in twenty-four hours. Saturday's *Daily Mirror* was produced in the old office; to-day's is produced in its new one.

The old place in Carmelite-street has been a sort of magic font of newspaperdom. The two greatest successes of journalism were born at No. 2—the "Daily Mail" and the *Daily Mirror*. It has always seemed to those who worked there to be an enchanted palace, in which everything turned to gold.

But even an enchanted palace can be too small, and the palace at No. 2 had its limits. It would hold only a certain amount of men and machinery—about half enough for a growing tenant like the *Daily Mirror*.

#### In the Small Hours.

And so it came to pass that in the small hours of Saturday after that day's paper had gone to press 300 sturdy men, with carts, hoisting machines, screw jacks, ropes, and no end of appliances, besides brawny arms, moved the whole *Daily Mirror* machinery, furniture, telephones, desks, type, papers, photographs, stereotyping plant—everything, in fact, that goes to the production of a newspaper. The weight of this exceeded 70,000 lb.—its cost was something heavy also.

Fourteen linotype machines, each weighing 18cwt., were taken apart while still hot from the molten metal used in making the reading matter in Saturday's *Daily Mirror*, hoisted out of windows, taken to their new abode, put together, tested, tried, and made to work.

To do this task the Linotype Company brought in engineering experts from all parts of the provinces, including one from Wales.

Three hundred and fifty cases of type weighing three tons were carried away, and three tons of metal. All this was done without an accident of any sort.

As soon as a piece of machinery was done with, or a pen or a blotting-pad, it was whisked away as if by necromancy. The editorial chair moved off like a thing bewitched, almost with the editor in it.

The staff of 250 men who produce the *Daily Mirror* found everything in place when they began the work of producing the paper in its new office.

#### Electricity Everywhere.

Everything except the heating is done by electricity. Electric motors drive the linotypes, printing machines, and stereotyping plant. There are three separate and independent sources of electrical supply, so that a breakdown is not probable. There is complete telephonic communication between all departments. The length of the wiring in the building is 1,540 yards, and there are thirty extension lines, so that one department, sitting at its desk, can reach any other.

There are 2,000 yards of wiring for electric lights and bells, and nearly a quarter of a mile of brass tubing for pneumatic carriers. Manuscripts are shot up from the third floor, where the sub-editors are, to the fifth, which has the printers.

The Paris telephone line, which is always in use for our Continental news service, was shifted from old office to new in two hours.

The *Daily Mirror* has now the most up-to-date plant of any newspaper. It can take a photograph on the premises, engrave it, stereotype it, and print it.

If a distinguished man entered the *Daily Mirror* office and sat for his photograph to our operators, within less than two hours the printing machines could be turning out copies of the paper with the portrait in it. In other words we can do all the processes of making a photograph—exposing, printing, mounting, stereotyping, etc., in less than two hours.

Our newest battery of printing machinery—the latest and most up-to-date in the world—which is being installed will be working in about a month's time. These machines are specially built for producing illustrations, and immediately they are erected there will be an immense improvement in the way in which the *Daily Mirror* pictures are produced.

## OUR SLAVE WORKS.

Rises Early and Learns the Mysteries  
of Milk Mixing.

A few days ago we told our readers that Messrs. Colman, dairy proprietors, of 797, Fulham-road, had kindly consented to give our slave a trial as foreman.

Yesterday he began work, and professes himself well satisfied. "Much better," he says, "than walking about with no work and no food."

This is, in effect, the description he gave us of his first day:—

"I had to be at the shop at 5.15 in the morning. It was quite dark and bitterly cold.

"I was taken into the yard, where were a collection of large milk churns and about six carts for the men to take out on their rounds.

"I was then initiated into the mysteries of milk mixing. First of all the milk was poured out of the big churns into the middle-sized ones. In each of these a plunger was fitted, and vigorously worked up and down for some minutes so as to properly mix the cream and milk, and ensure that every customer should get his proper share of each.

"When finished the milk was poured into the tin on each cart, and the men set out on their rounds.

"They finished the first round about 7.30, and then had till nine to get breakfast. They started again at nine for their second round.

"This being Sunday there were only two rounds, and after the second they came in, cleaned their cans, handed over the money they had taken, and put everything ready to begin next morning.

"My post is that of rounds foreman. I am responsible for all sales, and have to watch removals and look out for new customers, as well as to persuade reluctant customers to pay up.

"The worst of the work is that the milk runs one's clothes and boots, and although we are given blouses to protect our clothes, we have nothing to put over our boots. I have practically spoilt a pair to-day.

"The thing that impressed me most was the care taken to ensure the purity of the milk. I like the work, and am very, very thankful."

## THE SPEAKER AND THE BLIND.

Mr. Gully Astonished at the Cleverness of  
Sightless Musicians and Typists.

Mr. Gully, Speaker of the House of Commons, was an interested visitor on Saturday to the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Norwood. The proceedings began with an exhibition of typewriting by means of a machine which reproduces the Braille alphabet for the blind, a passage dictated to the class being first taken down by means of a special shorthand. Several blind organists gave recitals, one of them being Mr. Alfred Hollins, who recently returned from a most successful professional tour in Australia.

The Speaker expressed his astonishment at the readiness with which blind pupils had taken down in shorthand and transferred to the typewriting machine a passage dictated to them.

He hoped the Government might be brought to see that to convert 89 per cent. of the helpless blind into wage earners was a thing well worth paying for.

## HAPPY LITTLE ONES.

How the Playgoers' Club Brought Pleasure to  
7,000 Poor Children.

Another 7,000 happy London children were taken to the pantomime by the Playgoers' Club on Saturday.

At the "Brit," in Hoxton, 3,750 little guests were entertained, and some 3,000 at the Broadway, Camden, and Marlborough Theatres.

Each child was presented with a bag containing a meat pie, cake, orange, and some sweets.

Altogether the club has arranged to give this treat to 20,000 of London's poorest children this winter.

Pett Ridge is the parent of the scheme, which is characterised by great thoroughness. Even a doctor and a nurse are kept on hand at each theatre for emergencies.

That the youngsters thoroughly enjoyed their afternoon goes without saying, and it was really good to hear the fervour and lustiness with which they joined in singing some of the popular songs of the day. "Bluebell" was an easy first in popularity.

## ONE AND THE SAME MR. BECK.

Mr. Michael Beck, of Oxford-street, who was returned as the owner of 100 shares in the Consolidated Goldfields (General) was Mr. Michael Adolph Beck, but he does not, as he told the *Daily Mirror*, own any shares in that company.

"What happened," said Mr. Beck, "was that after my release I used my first name, Michael. On my return from Norway I decided to withdraw from all connection with the company."

## MR. BROUGH DEAD.

Famous Young Painter Succumbs to  
His Terrible Injuries.

### EIGHTH VICTIM.

No one who ever came within the charmed circle of his sunny presence but will read with real sorrow of the death of Robert Brough, the eighth victim to the awful Cudworth railway accident.

For nearly three days he lay between life and death in Sheffield Hospital. Hoping against hope the doctors spared no effort to keep the spark of existence alight. At last they recognised that the poor body had been too terribly maimed and broken for recovery. On Saturday evening the young painter's bright spirit passed quietly away.

His death is not only a bitter grief to his friends. It is a loss to British art. Young as he was—not yet thirty-three—he had already made a distinguished name as a portrait-painter. Since 1897, when he gained his first success at the Royal Academy, his pictures have been regularly seen there and at the exhibitions of the New Gallery and the International Society, of which he was a member.

He painted many well-known people, Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, Viscountess Encombe, Mr. George Alexander (in "Prisoner of Zenda" costume), and the Marquis of Linlithgow among them. Much he owed to Mr. Sargent, R.A., whom he made his friend soon after he came to London. Their studios were in the same block, and often when the famous American was too busy to accept a commission he has said: "Why don't you go upstairs to my friend Brough? He paints quite as well, if not better than I do."

The young Scotsman's promise was thus of the brightest. Everyone foretold for him a great

### MR. ROBERT BROUGH.



The well-known artist, who has just succumbed to the injuries he received in the railway disaster near Cudworth.—(Young, Aberdeen.)

career. Now his brushes are laid aside for ever. The half-painted canvases in his darkened, empty studio will never be finished. There remains but his past work and the memory of his gay, cheery, smiling self.

## MANSION BURNED DOWN.

Helpless Spectators Watch the Destruction of  
Valuable Works of Art.

Linkenholt House, near Seaford, a mansion belonging to the heirs of the late Mr. C. J. Knowles, was burned to the ground in the early hours of Saturday.

Although willing helpers endeavoured to remove some of the antique furniture and pictures, the fire, when discovered, had too firm a hold on the old timbers to make any salvage possible.

It was found impossible to bring the fire-engines from Handover, ten miles away, and the spectators, including Mr. Guy Knowles, were compelled to watch the fine mansion sunk into a mass of smouldering debris.

No one was in the house when the fire broke out. A servant is said to have lighted fires on Friday to warm the house in preparation for the visit of the family this week.

Mr. Edward Crossley, who for several years sat as Liberal M.P. for Halifax and Sowerby, was found dead in his bed at his Halifax residence on Saturday.

## STRANGE ROYAL OMEN.

Curious Incident During the Service in  
Memory of Queen Victoria.

Yesterday was the fourth anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria.

The King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family attended a morning memorial service, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Frogmore.

A strangely significant incident occurred during the singing by the St. George's Chapel choir of Dr. Lloyd's special and appropriate anthem, "Dear to Death."

A little bird flew over the head of the members of the Royal Family, and settled on the late Queen's tomb.

The little bird seemed to convey a message from the dead to the living, and at the conclusion of the singing, which was very beautiful, flew away into the recesses of the sacred building.

The incident, which was noticed by members of the Royal Family, made a deep impression upon everyone.

In the afternoon, between two and four, the mausoleum was opened to the public by ticket, and there were about 3,000 visitors.

## FROST—THAW—FROST.

Professional Skaters Race During a Warm  
Interval.

Professional skaters, who have been watching the Fens for weeks past, managed to bring off a race successfully at Littleport on Saturday, in spite of the fact that a rapid thaw prevailed during the day.

There were eighteen starters for the Littleport Cup. Those who succeeded in getting into the final were Fred Ward (holder), G. T. Ward, Housden, and Strickson. Such a recent holder as Bates, the professional champion, being absent, the two Wards met and were responsible for a grand race.

At the first two turns there was nothing in it, but G. T. Ward, who was skating extremely well, turned smartly and gained a trifle round the turn at the completion of the mile.

In the last length a splendid race ensued, and G. T. ran past the post the winner by seven yards. The race between Housden and Strickson was of the same character, the latter winning by seven yards.

Ward's time for the mile and a half was 5min. 4sec. He is a native of Fydd Fen, Wisbech.

In and around London the lakes and ponds were reduced yesterday almost to their normal condition, though frost again asserted itself at night, and a wire to the *Daily Mirror* from the Old Welsh Harp at Hendon last night stated that prospects are most favourable for skating on the shallows to-day.

## DROWNED WHILE SLIDING.

Eighteen Die in a Week from Accidents  
on the Ice.

Eighteen deaths due to ice accidents have occurred during the past week.

The eighteenth happened on Saturday at Hexham. Two brothers named Young were skating on the frozen Tyne. Both fell in.

One was rescued little the worse; but the other, a boy of ten, was drowned. His body was not recovered till four hours afterwards.

## LEATHER FAMINE.

English Merchants Cannot Stand Against  
American Competition.

Leather has again risen in price, on account of a great deficiency in the supply of calf skins.

"For ten years the prices have been rising," said a leather merchant to the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday.

"Steady depletion of live stock in the States, rinderpest in South Africa, and drought in Australia have combined to bring things to the present crisis."

"New uses for leather are springing up, more calf skins for boots are called for. More is wanted generally, and less is forthcoming."

"Meanwhile, the Americans, with their enormous trade, get the best of the fight for the material. Even the skins of live stock sent to England are shipped back to the States."

## BURIED IN A FIELD.

Five minutes sufficed on Saturday for the funeral ceremony of Mr. Joseph Wheatley, a postman of 60, who lived near Blakeney, Gloucestershire. His expressed wish—that he should be buried in a field, his remains being enclosed in a black painted coffin—was carried out to the letter. Two ladies were included in the funeral party, which numbered fifteen all told.



JAN. 23, 1905.

## SEVEN KILLED IN A MINE.

Explosion in a Welsh Pit Causes  
Death and Injury.

### SORROWFUL SCENES.

Again an accident at a South Wales colliery has sent a shock of horrified sympathy through the country.

Seven men were killed and twelve injured in an explosion on Saturday at Messrs. Wright, Butler, and Co.'s Elba Colliery, Gwerton, Glamorgan-shire.

At one o'clock in the morning the sleeping inhabitants of the little village of Gwerton were startled suddenly to wakefulness by a low, rumbling noise.

The news soon flew round that there had been a disaster at the Elba Colliery, and terror-stricken crowds gathered at the head of the pit, for the pitiful and pathetic waiting and watching for news of the safety or death of husband, son, relative, or lover. Indeed, the wild rumour went round that all the men below had been killed.

Some relief was felt when it became known that only fifty instead of the usual 150 men were in the night shift.

#### Heart-rending Scenes.

Search-parties were rapidly organised, and at last, amid heart-rending scenes, some of the bodies were brought up to the pit head.

Three were recovered from the debris:—William Davies, sixty-one, married, Penclawdd; William Bowen, eighteen, single, Three Crosses; Alec Ogilvie, twenty, single, Gwerton.

A boy, George Williams, of Penclawdd, was brought up alive, but died while being taken home.

Three more were buried without hope of their being recovered alive:—E. Rees, married, Penclawdd; J. P. Jones, single, Penclawdd; Daniel Davies, married, Penclawdd.

Three of the injured are seriously hurt. All are suffering from burns.

The thrilling story of what happened in the depths of the pit, where the victims, at the time of the explosion were engaged in widening the top-hole between Nos. 6 and 7 levels, is best told in the words of one of the survivors, Henry Rees, a trimmer, whose third accident this was.

"The Mine Has Fired!"

There was no trace of gas, he declared, in any part of the pit—the fireman had made his usual round and reported all right.

But suddenly, some after midnight, there was a terrible explosion. With the cry, "The mine has fired!" he and ten others rushed to see what had happened.

The impact had been so terrible that though they were 200 yards away from the scene pieces of the broken tram flew into their midst, and Rees was struck by the leg.

When at last Rees and his mates arrived at the fatal heading the sight that met them was fearful, and the cries of the injured were pitiful to hear. Some of the dead had had their clothing stripped off.

One man had thrown himself flat on the ground, and so escaped. Another climb was found sitting upright. There was no mark on his body, but he was dead, suffocated by the deadly after-damp.

The cause of the disaster has not as yet been exactly ascertained, but Rees said of the incident that a few minutes before the explosion occurred the boy, George Williams, was sent in a tram to the fatal part of the workings, and no sooner had he closed the door than the explosion occurred.

The escape of a collier named Leyshon was remarkable. He was finishing his work, and after exclaiming, "This is the last tram I shall fill," he left the heading just before the disaster.

It is singular that the Elba Colliery is only a mile from Loughor, where the recent railway disaster occurred.

#### NOT A CASE FOR SYMPATHY.

Mr. Fordham, the North London magistrate, told a working man who came to him on Saturday with a story of domestic troubles, that he had very little sympathy with a man who—as the applicant had done—took a second wife.

SUPREME IN QUALITY

**PETER'S**  
THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE  
UNRIVALED  
IN DELICACY OF FLAVOUR.

## "SHY LADY" DISCOVERED.

Tells the "Daily Mirror" Why She  
Does Not Meet "Silent  
Worshipper."

### INTERRUPTED INTERVIEW.

Great grief has been caused to "Shy Lady" by the message which appeared in the "Morning Post" making a false appointment with "Silent Worshipper," at the Lyceum Theatre last Friday evening.

In a quiet house in Regent's Park-road, yesterday afternoon, the *Daily Mirror* learnt something of the strange romance which has been hidden beneath the "agony" advertisements appearing for the last twelve months.

"Shy Lady" is not what the imagination would picture. She is an elderly lady with grey hair, parted in the centre, a placid, calm face, showing signs of what must at one time have been great beauty, and a very soft, sweet voice.

"Yes," she said, smiling gently, "I am 'Shy Lady.' Over twenty years ago I first met 'Silent Worshipper.' We grew to know each other very, very well. Suddenly a hard fate separated us. At times I have been able to correspond with him, but he has never been able to write to me direct.

"No," she continued softly, "I should like to meet him again, and you see the only way we can arrange it is by these messages to each other through the newspaper. I should have seen him on Wednesday, but I was in the North of England in the morning, and although I took the next train from York after I had seen the message I could not get to King's Cross in time. Twenty years ago!"

A strange and dramatic interruption took place. An elderly gentleman appeared. "What is your business, sir," he asked curtly. Before there was time for reply, he added: "I must ask you to leave this house immediately."

"Shy Lady" put her hand upon his arm appealingly. "Don't," she said. "I wish to speak to this gentleman." The white-bearded old gentleman turned almost fiercely and opened the door.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said.

### WAS LAWSON MANAGER?

Intricate Point on Which He is Fighting  
Against His Conviction.

When is a manager not a manager? was the riddle to be solved in the Court of Crown Cases Reserved, on Saturday, at the hearing of Mr. H. J. Lawson's appeal against his conviction at the Old Bailey on December 18.

It was true, argued Mr. Rufus Isaacs, that he had acted as manager, but was he therefore liable as "manager"?

Mr. Justice Darling, one of the five Judges present, pointed out that if Mr. Isaacs' contention held good, a company might have directors in Australia, the legally-appointed manager in Manchuria, while a mere factotum in London did all sorts of fraudulent things.

Then, if that personage were indicted, he might reply that the responsible manager was the person in Manchuria.

Mr. Isaacs readily agreed, and contended that, as a fact, proceedings could not be taken against such a factotum. "Not under section 84, at any rate," he added.

The case was adjourned for a week.

### BEGGED FOR A LIFE SENTENCE.

Prisoner Who Declared That He Liked Gaoi  
Better Than Anywhere Else.

"I like prison better than I do anywhere else," emphatically declared Edward Lee, a farm labourer with previous convictions to his record, in pleading guilty at Somerset Assizes on Saturday, to obtaining money and food by false pretences. He thought Mr. Justice Lawrence to give him a life sentence, and then, he added: "I shall have a home."

The Judge: None of us in this world get all we ask for, and I cannot gratify you; but you will get a quarter of what you ask for.

Prisoner: Give it to me for life.

The Judge: Don't stand chattering there. I would give you twenty years, but you will have five years' penal servitude.

He was removed from the dock exclaiming loudly: "Make it ten, sir; give me ten!"

### PATHTIC COINCIDENCE.

By a sad coincidence James Hercock, aged seventy-nine years, night watchman at Bromley, and his wife Susannah, who was seventy-seven, have both died on the same day from the effects of accidents.

The man injured himself by a fall on January 1, and the woman fell out of bed nine days later. Both died last Thursday, and the East London coroner held inquests on the two bodies on Saturday.

## DRAWING-ROOM

### REVIVAL PARTIES.

Mayfair Prays for the Abolition of  
the Game of Bridge.

### LIVERPOOL CONVERSIONS.

Already the London revival is being heralded in Mayfair by drawing-room prayer-meetings, akin to "cottage meetings" among the poor during past revivals. While the blessing of Heaven is invoked upon the mission generally, one petition is particularly emphasised. This relates to the abolition of bridge and what a titled missioner styled its "all-night saturnalian accompaniments, that imperil the souls of men and women in the highest ranks of society."

A printed list of addresses at which these prayer-meetings are held is being daily increased, and by arrangement five minutes' silent prayer is simultaneously offered for bridge devotees. So that prayer may be more efficacious, many lovers of the card game, who have played for love and not for money, have made a compact to forswear bridge altogether.

"Bridge is rampant as ever," said a well-known peer, in reply to the suggestion that it had gone out of vogue. "If the Torrey-Alexander mission purges the clubs and the homes of the wealthy of this kindred abominations, a great reformation in manners will have been brought to pass."

"We believe revival parties will soon be as much the fashion as card parties, when ladies and gentlemen will debate religion and the Bible as they now discuss the latest scandal in high life. There is surely nothing inconsistent or ridiculous about a pious Christian nation becoming genuinely religious."

#### Debating the Bible.

"Nor need there be any cant about it. Why have our fashionable families abandoned such practices as morning and evening prayer, regular attendance at communion, and such a simple outpouring of grace before meat? Are we heathens, infidels, or fools? Why is the Press proving so useful an ally to the revival movement? I will tell you. Editors see more than copy in it. They see the promise of real public good. It was very different when Moody and Sankey were here. The newspapers seemed to think it beneath their dignity to take any notice of that revival, except to sneer at it. I have had a letter from Dr. Torrey, in which he used the words: 'The Press is doing us yeoman service.'"

At the close of the Torrey-Alexander mission in Liverpool, when 10,000 people attended the evening service, Dr. Torrey, talking to the *Daily Mirror*, expressed himself greatly gratified with the work accomplished. During the last week 1,500 persons had publicly professed conversion.

He said the people that he was warned not to mention held in England. But he vowed to preach the doctrine of eternal punishment that God taught. For the result let them look at that congregation.

### REVIVAL RAYS.

An enthusiast has written offering to bear the costs of a mission balloon, from which tracts and notices of the meetings could be showered upon the people below.

An exact copy of the Welsh revival may be seen any evening at Falmouth-road Welsh Chapel, in the New Kent-road. Converts are counted in scores.

When Moody and Sankey were in England, in 1874, they stayed at the Compton Hotel, Liverpool, and the proprietor gave instructions that no bill should be presented to the Evangelists.

### LETTER CAUSES A SCENE.

Officer Takes a Draught of Poison After an  
Interview with His Wife.

After a scene with his wife Captain de Pass is alleged to have attempted to commit suicide by taking a quantity of cyanide of potassium. The Wycombe County Bench on Saturday committed him for trial at the Bucks Assizes, allowing bail.

According to the evidence, Captain de Pass was reproached by his wife about a certain letter which he had received. Afterwards he called her to his bedroom, where he was lying on the bed. "I have taken poison," he told her, "and I shall be dead in three minutes. I am not mad—I know what I am doing."

The request that a letter written by Captain de Pass to a sister at Norfolk-square, Hyde Park, should not be read was complied with. It was said to contain a full confession concerning the incident.

A man jumped from Kew Bridge into the Thames yesterday, but was rescued. This is the first occurrence of the kind since King Edward opened the bridge in 1903.

## GIRL'S SECRET FOES.

Persecuted to Death by Mysterious  
Threatening Letters.

Though suffering from consumption, the death at the early age of twenty-four of Edith Davies, a pretty Welsh girl living at the Mumbles, is due to the strain of a peculiarly terrible form of persecution.

Her persecution dates from one evening about three years ago, when she was waylaid on her way home by an unknown man, who wounded her with a knife. Her assailant was never identified. With this shock to her nervous system she was constantly receiving anonymous letters containing threats of murder. On one occasion the Glamorgan police induced her to keep an appointment after dark with the writer of one of these letters, but though a man said "Good-night" to the terrified girl they made no arrest. Next morning she received another letter threatening her life.

The climax was reached when Miss Davies was found alone at her home by a man and woman who were disguised. After gagging her they bound her to a table, and then ransacked the house until they discovered her birth certificate. This they took away with them, and the girl any further violence. She has just died, no longer able to withstand such a life of terrorism.

Nothing has yet transpired to show who her assailants were, or what was their object in stealing the birth certificate. The case has entirely baffled the police.

A theory has been advanced that the girl was the daughter of a people of high position, and that she was desired to destroy evidence of identification. The facts, however, do not support this.

### SEEKING REDRESS.

Extraordinary Grounds for Opposing a Hus-  
band's Petition.

The strange divorce case wherein the accused wife, Mrs. Rosetta Collinson, alleges that her husband, Mr. Ernest Milner Collinson, a Great Northern Railway clerk, knew that she was on intimate terms with the co-respondent, Mr. C. Cox, a racing man, was again before Mr. Justice Bigham on Saturday.

Mr. Cox, giving evidence, supported the wife's story, and told how he had given Mr. Collinson money. He averred that the husband knew all about the intrigue that was going on.

Before Mr. Justice Bigham reserved judgment, which he will give to-morrow, he raised a curious point in divorce law. Could a husband, he asked, who had connived at his wife's offence after his ways and, after trying to prevent misconduct, come to the Divorce Court for a remedy?

Mr. Barragave Deane, K.C., the recognised leader of the Divorce Court, "put the judge right" on this point. Such a husband, he said, had no redress.

### GOADED BY CREDITORS.

Father Kills His Children and Himself Under  
Dread of Bankruptcy.

It was made clear by the evidence at the inquest on Saturday that Alfred Rose, the Colchester boot manufacturer, who murdered two of his children and then committed suicide, had been greatly affected by the prospect of bankruptcy.

Fifty letters from creditors, and a telegram threatening proceedings for debt were found in his house.

His wife told of the terrible struggle she and her fourteen-year-old boy had with Rose in trying to prevent him committing suicide. They pulled the revolver muzzle out of his mouth once, but he cried: "It is too late, I must do it," and blew his brains out.

### TOO IDLE TO STAND.

Though many situations have been found for William Davey, a lad of eighteen, who on Saturday was sent to prison for a month as a disorderly person, he has always proved incorrigibly lazy.

The missionary at the South-Western Police Court said that he was even too idle to stand on his legs.





## ARE ENTERTAINMENTS TOO DEAR?

Further Selections from the Mass of Correspondence Received.

## NOT ENOUGH "VARIETY."

If we are to judge by the number of letters received, widespread interest has been aroused by the query, "Are entertainments too dear?"

No manager has as yet come forward with a reasoned reply to the many points set down by readers against the present high prices. The letters in defence of the present system state generally that the arrangements are the outcome of long experience and are necessitated, not only by the public requirements, but by the heavy expenses attached to the provision of what the public want.

The public, judging by their letters—from which we are only able to print a small selection—do not seem to believe, however, that either the programmes, the prices, or the management at theatres and variety theatres, are the best that could be designed in their interests.

Here are some extracts from the large batch of letters received at the *Daily Mirror* offices.

### AN INCLUSIVE PRICE.

Not only are the prices of admission too high at most places, but why should we not be able to book a seat in any part of a theatre, obtain a programme for nothing, and have our coats and hats taken care of without charge?

Having paid for a seat, surely a manager has responsibilities towards his patron which he ought not to shirk.

JUNIOR CARLTON.

### HUGE PROFITS AWAIT ENTERPRISE.

You are quite right about variety theatres being too dear. Five shillings to seven and sixpence for a stall is absurd.

No one wants four hours of varieties, such as they are. If a manager came forward with an hour and a half programme at a moderate price he would fill the biggest theatre obtainable in London.

There is no educational factor about a variety theatre—at its best it is purely an entertainment designed to pass a pleasant hour after the worry and stress of the day.

Why not an entertainment—crisp and bright, without waste—lasting, say, from 7.15 till 8.45 p.m.; another from 9.15 p.m. till close on eleven o'clock, with a stall at eightpence or two shillings, and other seats in proportion?

It is nonsense to say a first-class entertainment could not be given at these prices. A theatre holding 4,000 persons would show a return of £8,000 for the two performances, and 8,000 at an average of 1s. would represent £400 a night, or £2,400 a week.

No variety entertainment in London to-day, I believe, could show a stage salary list of more than £700 a week.

AN EX-MANAGER.

### FREE TEA, BUT SIXPENNY PROGRAMMES.

I went to the matinee at the Empire Theatre on Saturday. It cost me 6s. for a stall—a very large sum it seemed to me for a variety entertainment—and I was charged 6d. for a programme in order to be able to find out what the management were placing on the stage. Yet they gave me a cup of tea during the performance for nothing! K. J. L. Kew.

### INCOMPETENT SOCIETY AMATEURS.

Now there is a stir of reform in theatrical circles, pray let there be some reform in the acting.

Personally I consider the condition of the stage in England is a disgrace to the country, and the music-halls far and away ahead for amusement.

How is it the music-hall has made such rapid advancement the last few years? Simply because they don't want and won't have the society nonentity who is pushed on the stage because he can afford to pay to air his incompetence.

Cousin Bill.

### WORTHY OF IMITATION.

May I call your attention to Mackenzie's new Home of Mystery, St. George's Hall, Langham-place, where one can enjoy a good play, "The Coming Race," in a comfortable stall at 5s. 7d. and the piece is over at a reasonable time—10.30 p.m.

E. KEW MEAD.

Lyford, Lyford-road, Wandsworth-common.

### MORE "VARIETY" WANTED.

If I go to a restaurant I am not charged anything for hanging my coat up or for a sight of the menu. I resent paying for these things at the theatre.

Also I resent being offered a "variety" performance in which there is no variety at all. I know all the "turns" on the London variety stage by heart. The new ones are even more familiar than some of the old ones.

Comedians follow one another in droves, acrobats all do the same things, serio-comics fly across the stage in endless numbers. Why can't we get something we do not know by heart and were not tired of years ago?

HUGH STOCKER.

Mandeville-place, W.

## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Camberwell Borough Council is taking steps to secure twenty-five acres of land at Denmark-hill for the purpose of a public park.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has opened a fund to send six clergy as missionaries to meet the urgent needs of Japan.

Samuel Kemp, the Bexley centenarian, was born on January 13, 1804, and was christened at St. Mary's Church, Rotherhithe, on July 17, 1808, so that he is now entering his 102nd year.

Tenders for the erection of a public elementary school at Stepney, one at Rotherhithe, and a school for blind children in East St. Pancras, are to be received by the London County Council to-morrow.

### AN ODD COINCIDENCE.

On the last day of the year a wedding was celebrated at the church which becomes the cathedral church of the new See of Birmingham, and the entry of it just filled the old marriage register.

### SAFE HAVEN DURING FOG.

L.C.C. tramway cars constitute a boon in foggy weather.

Minutes to be submitted at to-morrow's meeting of the Council report the great satisfaction and high appreciation felt at the way the car services were maintained during the week preceding Christmas.

### RAIL MOTOR-CAR SERVICE.

Commencing on February 1, the Great Western Railway will run a rail motor-car service once daily on the main line from Chippenham to Bath and back.

On Wednesday two trips will be made, and further developments are expected of what promises to be a most popular railway innovation.

### BECKENHAM'S ENTERPRISE.

Special treatment, according to their needs, is provided for physically defective school children whom the Beckenham Education Committee weed out from those normally endowed.

The same authority has decided to erect a special school for the mentally defective.

### NEWCASTLE'S SOUP-CARTS.

Newcastle—in which there is at present great distress—has found a new use for milk-carts, which on Saturday were used for distributing soup in the poorer districts of the city.

On the same day a free dinner to 400 children was given, and clogs distributed to barefooted little ones.

### CONGRATULATED BY THE P.M.G.

For jumping over the North Pier and saving a child from being drowned, the Postmaster-General's congratulations were on Saturday conveyed to Mr. MacNewman, one of the youngest members of the Dover Port Office clerical staff.

The Royal Humane Society's certificate was also presented to him.

### HOTELS OR FAMILIES?

One big hotel asks daily in its advertisements that the public shall try the experiment of dropping the home and living in an hotel.

Supposing the invitation attracts the young married people of the richer class there will be no place for families. The position, then, is this, says the "County Gentleman," that the choice will have to be made between the hotel and the family.

### LOW PRICES FOR MR. HAYES'S WORKS.

As was anticipated from the large number of works placed simultaneously on the market, very low prices were realised at Christie's on Saturday for pictures by the late Mr. Edwin Hayes, R.E.A.

About six guineas for each subject was the average price, and the highest figure reached was twenty-six guineas for "Messina," a fair-sized landscape of the Italian coast.

### MILITANT VICAR.

In order to rouse enthusiasm and bring the battalion up to its proper strength, the local Volunteers have arranged to march through Yarmouth streets and hold an open-air meeting, to be addressed by the Rev. Forbes Phillips.

"We must keep the lamp of patriotism burning," said the latter at a recent meeting of the corps, and added that he would help them "see this thing through."

"If ever the Volunteers have to turn out against an enemy," concluded the Vicar of Gorleston, "I shall be there with them, heart and soul."

### SHORT WAY WITH MOTORISTS.

Uncompromising hostility towards motorists distinguishes the Warwickshire Chamber of Agriculture, whose chairman advised waggons to drive twenty-five miles an hour when motor-cars approached furiously.

On Saturday an alternative scheme was proposed by a correspondent, who thus offered his services: "I hold a discharge as a sergeant from the Army, and am a trained shot. At least fifty motor-cars pass my house every day. With an ordinary magazine rifle I could get about thirty daily, and I offer my trained services to the chamber at a charge of sixpence per head. I should like to hear to whom to forward the heads. I could use explosive or poisoned bullets if so desired."

During December 2,559 dogs were received into the Battersea Home.

Northumberland Agricultural Society has appointed a committee to take steps for the extermination of rooks, rats, and sparrows.

Owing to the workings having become flooded by an underground tidal wave, High Ercol colliery, Brierley Hill, Staffordshire, was closed on Saturday.

The Princess of Wales and the King of Spain have accepted the invitation of the president and council of the British Numismatic Society to become royal members of that body.

The Marquis of Anglesey's creditors have received notice of the immediate payment of a further dividend of 1s., and a prospective dividend of 2s. 3d., payable in March, making a total of 7s. 3d.

### LONDON'S WIRELESS STATION.

London is shortly to have a receiving and sending station for Marconi's wireless telegraphy. Highgate will probably be chosen as the site.

### BIG LOANS WANTED.

In the L.C.C. Money Bill for 1905 the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board on Saturday agreed to invest estimated loan requirements for £275,000 for the year ending March 31, 1906, and for £75,000 for the six months ending September 30, 1906.

### CHANCE FOR THE MORBID.

Young ladies who view rude health with repugnance and have a proper affection for "the ill's flesh is heir to" will be interested in the following advertisement from the "Church Times":—

WANTED A nice quiet GIRL to wait on an invalid lady. Must be fond of and accustomed to illness.

### CANAL CARRIAGE AN ECONOMY.

Canals, it is claimed, might be much more generally used for the conveyance of agricultural produce in the country, and with a considerable saving of expense.

The question of time in the carriage of artificial manures, seeds, grain, etc., does not constitute an important factor.

### MONSTER CONGER EEL.

While engaged in removing wreckage at Blundell-sands, a man discovered stranded a huge conger eel.

He succeeded in securing it at the end of his scarf, and in this way dragged the eel up to the village, where it was found to be 25lb in weight and 5ft. 6in. long.

### RELIC OF THE ARMADA.

North Sea fishermen are rejoicing over the successful raising of a huge anchor of ancient pattern which the mission ship Chalmodeley has landed at Yarmouth.

Hundreds of pounds worth of nets and gear have been destroyed by this anchor, which was covered with barnacles and live oysters, and is supposed to be a relic of the Spanish Armada.

### NO GREATER LOVE.

Pathetic scenes were witnessed at Chester on Saturday when the brave little fellows, Berry and Goodfellow, who were drowned whilst rescuing a companion, were buried in the same grave.

A wreath on each coffin from the rescued boy bore the touching inscription, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

### FOREIGN POULTRY UNNECESSARY.

Some interesting figures are given in the report of the National Poultry Organisation Society with regard to that industry during 1904.

Of the sum of £17,669,618 paid in this country for poultry and eggs, nearly £8,000,000 goes to the foreigner.

These foreign imports, it is pointed out, are quite unnecessary, as this country could easily supply three times the amount marketed at present.

### LINK WITH PENAL SETTLEMENTS.

The funeral of Colonel H. C. C. Somerset, grandson of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, which took place at Springfield, near Chelmsford, on Saturday, saw the last of one of the very few remaining links between the present day and the old penal settlements of Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales.

Most of Colonel Somerset's regimental service was spent with the troops which escorted convicts on their passage from England, and most of the farms in New South Wales were made by convicts guarded by soldiers under his control.

### WELSH CHAMPION OF OPEN SPACES.

Mr. William Thomas, of Lan, Swansea, the Welsh champion of parks and open spaces, celebrates his eighty-ninth birthday to-day.

More than thirty years ago Mr. Thomas, who traces his ancestry back to the Welsh princes, inaugurated the movement for providing parks and open spaces, which has resulted in over 300 acres of land in Swansea being preserved for the public.

A movement is on foot to erect a statue to Mr. Thomas. Towards this fund £40,000 Swansea children have contributed their pence.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

### A SUNKEN DREDGER AT SWANSEA.

The picture on page 8 shows the result of the collision at Swansea between the dredger Abertawe and the steamer Camel. The dredger was struck amidships, and so seriously damaged that she sank within three minutes.

The crew, sixteen in number, were fortunately able to scramble on to the Camel before the dredger sank under their feet, but they were unable to save any of their belongings, and in some cases had to borrow clothes when they got aboard the other vessel. The Camel was also badly knocked about, but got into port again safely.

### A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH.

The remarkable picture which appears on page 8, of the victims of an ice accident at Leytonstone, is probably the only one of its kind which has ever been taken.

Photographs taken of the scene of an accident after the event are of course to be obtained by the expenditure of a reasonable amount of money and enterprise, but since accidents are not to be foreseen with any degree of certainty a photographic record of the actual catastrophe is so great a rarity that we can fairly claim that the one we are able to reproduce to-day is unique.

One of our roving camera men happened to be at the pond at Leytonstone in search of skating pictures when the ice suddenly gave way and a man and a woman were immersed in the water. With considerable difficulty they were extricated from their dangerous position, and as, drenched and shivering, they gained the bank our photographer had a quick shot at them—with what result may be seen on page 8.

### HERO OF THE YORKSHIRE RAILWAY SMASH.

Driver Alexander Wright, of the 105th Battery Royal Field Artillery, whose portrait is to be found on page 9, did more than anyone else to minimise the fatal results of the triple collision on the railway between Sheffield and Leeds.

Though himself wounded in the head, he paid no attention to the injury, but clambered under and into the shattered carriages and burning wreckage, tearing away the obstructions that held sufferers imprisoned where they must have been burned, and thus saving many lives that otherwise could not but have been sacrificed. And apart from his personal services, the spectacle of his bravery and coolness undoubtedly did much to inspire others to give intelligent aid in the work of rescue.

A movement is on foot to present the gallant young artilleryman with a memento of his fine achievement, an honour which he well deserves. Such exploits make one wish there could be some official recognition of acts of bravery in civil life.

### DOLLS IN SCHOOLS.

Among the other subject taughts in the L.C.C. schools what may be called "motherhood" is to have a prominent place.

In order that the girls may gain practical experience of the dressing and general treatment of little children, dolls are utilised, which are bathed, undressed and put to bed, for instance, with as much care as if they were living.

One of the photographs on page 8 shows a small girl having a lesson of this sort; the other is a picture of a home nursing class.

### A BRIDE IN A BATH CHAIR.

The curious spectacle of a bride in a bath chair has just presented itself at St. Margaret's Church, Barking. The bride in question, whose portrait is on page 9, met with an accident just before the time fixed for the wedding, and it was decided not to postpone the ceremony, and the groom himself wheeled the lady of his heart up to the altar.

## "B.P." AND BOY SOLDIERS.

Making Hero's Suggestion for Encouragement of Youthful Patriotism.

General Baden-Powell has received shoals of letters from youthful correspondents agreeing with his idea that boys' cricket and football clubs should take up the elements of national defence.

Pending the institution of some universal, well-thought out scheme, the General thinks that all boys' schools, boys' brigades, Church Lads' brigades, and Boys of the Empire Leagues, should take up the matter for themselves.

If conscription is too strong a test of patriotism for the average Briton, he says, surely his performance of his duty as a citizen in fitting himself to take his place in defence of his country against invasion is not too much to expect.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.

"O. K." SAUCE MONDAY!  
"O. K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!  
"O. K." SAUCE But all good housewives  
"O. K." SAUCE know that the cold joint  
"O. K." SAUCE is made attractive with  
"O. K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

## Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1905.

## THE RED TERROR.

THE revolution in Russia has begun. St. Petersburg is already bathed in blood. Yesterday the strikers came into collision with the troops. Some of the latter laid down their arms: the rest obeyed orders and fired. To the Tsar's tragedy of defeat in the Far East is now added the horror of civil war at home. The struggle between the ideas of the past and the present has made a sanguinary start.

One of the most striking things about the events of the past few days in St. Petersburg is that we should know anything about them. One would naturally suppose that the first thing an autocratic Government would do, when it was faced with the beginnings of a revolution, would be to close all the telegraph offices.

That is actually what the Russian Government has done in the past whenever the outlook was more than usually threatening. Yet at this moment, when by all accounts the autocracy is in greater danger than it has ever been before, correspondents of British and other newspapers are allowed to send telegrams as long and as full of detail as they please. The Tsar's Press Censor seems to have joined the ranks of the strikers.

What does this strange feature of the ghastly situation mean?

## OUR MOVE.

THE last time the *Daily Mirror* spoke to its readers about itself was to acknowledge their kind congratulations upon its first birthday. To-day it has to offer them an apology—and a promise.

This number of the *Daily Mirror* is the first produced at our new office. Saturday's issue was prepared and published in the Carmelite-street building, for which this rapidly-growing infant among newspapers had altogether got too big. It held many memories dear to us, as all memories of hard work and of triumph over difficulties should be dear, but the trouble was it would no longer hold us!

Yesterday we took possession of our fine, new, spacious, light, airy, imposing Whitefriars-street offices, and set to work to get this morning's paper out. It was not easy work, as you may imagine. Settling down after a "move" is always uncomfortable, and since Saturday morning there had been moved all the *Daily Mirror's* belongings, including many thousand pounds' worth of machinery.

Our apology is that we have not been able to do better to-day. Our promise is that we shall do better to-morrow, and the next day better than that, and so on.

Now, with our enlarged office space, into which we are getting as speedily as possible new and specially-designed printing machines, we shall be in a better position for approaching our ideal than we have been hitherto. Nothing shall be neglected which can make the *Daily Mirror* the best illustrated and best written, the most trustworthy and most enterprising daily newspaper in the world.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

For anything that men can tell, death may be the greatest good that can happen to them. Yet they fear it as if they knew quite well it was the greatest of evils.—*Socrates*.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THIS evening the Prince of Wales starts from Euston for his visit to Ireland, where, after a few country-house visits, he will be the guest of the Lord-Lieutenant. It is difficult to realise that when the Prince is in Ireland he is not technically the first gentleman in the land, but comes only second, in order of precedence, to the Earl of Dudley. The Viceroy is King Edward's representative there, and everybody must behave to him exactly as though he

were the King. All the paraphernalia of Court ceremonial surrounds him. The Prince of Wales will not be allowed to feel that he is not actually on a level with his host, but the fact nevertheless remains. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the Viceroy of India are more magnificently treated than any other of his Majesty's servants in the world.

M. Maurice Rouvier, who is to be the new French Prime Minister, has always been a fighter, not in

words only, but sometimes with the "natural and legitimate" fist. When the Second Empire was overthrown in 1870 Mr. Rouvier had an official position at Marciac. That was a dangerous time. The mob were determined that they should have a good time for once. Accordingly they stormed about the streets, demolishing everything, and feeling generally hostile to all that savoured of the old Government. Mr. Rouvier was the only official who resisted them. He stood on the steps of his Government office, and inveighed against all acts of violence. To give his words more point he knocked a few people down, and found the disturbance appreciably quelled in consequence.

M. Rouvier looks very like the fighter that he is, French politics seem to produce curious appearances, and he is certainly no exception to the rule. His eyes look as though they were about to take leave of his face—when he is angry they become painfully prominent. He has a great expanse of bald forehead, a large nose, and very prominent ears. He married a charming woman, who is as beautiful in appearance as he is eccentric. She will probably come in for her share of abuse now that her husband is to have M. Combes's dangerous position.

The most original hostess in the world is surely Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the New York lady who has just paid £200 to give her guests the pleasure of hearing (through the clatter of plates and the hum of conversation at a dinner-party) the second act of an opera. Mrs. Fish evidently believes that conversation is quite dead. Her entertainments are always remarkable for such entertainments as this. Once she gave a "jungle dinner." The hall in her Madison-avenue house was turned into a tropical forest; banana and cocoanut trees interlarded their branches over the dinner-table, and anybody could hear a word anybody else said because the exotic birds made such a noise in the branches.

Mrs. Fish always goes to her splendid Newport villa in the summer, and there she gave not long ago an even more singular party. It was a harvest ball. The 112 guests invited had to come as peasants and bring pairs of butter and rounds of cheese as contributions to the fun. Mrs. Fish received them as a milkmaid, gave them a farmyard dinner with wooden benches to sit upon, and sent them away with a present of live stock. To see these people leaving late at night struggling with cackling hens, fierce bantams, and young pigs was a sight to make a dying man laugh.

Miss Gertrude Kingston, who told the O. P. Club last night how the public looks seen from the stage, is one of the actresses who have been confined by public prejudice to the playing of a certain kind of "smart society" part, of which she herself is getting very tired. Her versatility has not been given a chance. She is really a very cultivated and able woman. As a girl she studied painting, and her people always supposed that she would adopt that method of passing the time. The story of how she became an actress is a curious one, and illustrates her remarkable self-reliance.

Her father was a German, and had irremovable prejudices against any member of his family going on the stage. He lost a good deal of his money, however, in later life, and Miss Kingston made up her mind to earn her own living. Accordingly she made a pretence of being ill, and got sent to Margate to get better. What she really did at Margate was to become a member of Miss Sarah Thorne's company, and begin to learn how to act. Her father died some afterwards, and never heard that his daughter had gone on the stage. As for the other members of her family, they were reconciled to her profession by her success in it.

Lady Colebrooke, whose name is so familiar in "society columns," and who is just leaving England for Egypt, is expected to give a good many of her political parties on behalf of the Liberal cause this season. Hers is, indeed, one of the few political salons now left. She makes an ideal hostess. Lady Colebrooke, besides being a politician, is an enthusiastic music-lover, and is to be seen at the opera two or three times a week during the season. She is a daughter of Lord Alfred Paget, and her grandfather and grandmother are the King and Queen. Their Majesties were once present at her wedding with Sir Edward Colebrooke, and they have always taken the greatest interest in her. Only the other day she entertained the King at dinner.

Mr. Cosmo Bonson, M.P., one of whose sons, Mr. Reginald Bonson, has just met with rather a bad motor accident, is himself a keen motorist and an enthusiastic sportsman generally. He is also one of the busiest men in the United Kingdom. He has been busy ever since the day when he left Eton and entered the brewery which has made him a very rich man. When he started life, indeed, he had no time for anything but work. He used to get up at half-past four, and go to bed late all the year round.

This must have been particularly irksome to one who had led a delightfully open-air life at Eton, and had become famous both as a wit and a sportsman. But Mr. Bonson has perseverance, and he stuck to it. Now, as a result, he is a rich man, a member of Parliament, a director of the Bank of England, and the chairman of two lines of railway.

## "HENRY THE FIFTH" REVIVED BY LEWIS WALLER.



At the Imperial Theatre on Saturday evening Mr. Waller reappeared in Shakespeare's stirring history-play, and had an enthusiastic reception.—(See page 10.)

## THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

Father Gapon, the Wounded Russian Priest.

A WEEK ago no one outside Russia had heard of him, nor was he very famous there. Now he rivals the Tsar in the eyes of the Russian people, for he has been wounded in the cause of their liberty. The Government are afraid of him. The people worship him, and his word is law. He has never hesitated to place himself at their head, and though he yesterday paid the penalty of leadership, his influence is to-day greater than ever.

He has only two qualifications in his favour with the Russian working man. His eloquence and his birth. To hear his fiery words, to see his whole purpose being flaming with the intensity of his youthful being under the spell of his power. Then, too, the crucifix he wields summons to his aid the powers of the Church, powers which, to the Russian peasant, are infallible.

By birth he is the son of a peasant, and his followers know that he is one of themselves. That a slender, mild-looking young man of twenty-nine, whose brown beard is still but light upon his chin, should wield this tremendous power is one of the most extraordinary things of the whole business.

But there are facts which militate against his power, or, rather, did so, for to-day he is all powerful.

He assisted in the famous Odessa strike which failed so signally, and though he fell into severe disfavour with the Government, the workpeople suspected him of being a Government spy. The intensity of his Socialist teaching was only looked upon as a cloak to hide his police uniform.

But there is no suspicion of him now. He is the people's leader, and recognised as such, not only by the people themselves, but by the authorities also. His day is spent in rushing from meeting to meeting, exhorting, organising, and controlling, for much of his work is to keep the frenzied peasantry under control. Much of the night is spent in consultation with such Government officials as are awake to the strength of the demon they have roused.

## THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from the Old World and the New.

Master of the House (to beggar): Come again in an hour."

Beggar: Impossible. My hours are ten till five, I never work overtime.—"Le Rire" (French).

Suitor: I came to ask your daughter's hand. Father: Can you support her motor-car in the manner to which it has been accustomed?—"New York Sun."

Waiter: Two pair sausages for Herr Bierhuber. Landlord: Only give him one pair; he is already intoxicated, and sees everything double.

Waiter: I've already seen after that. He ordered four pair.—"Simplicissimus" (German).

Hotel Clerk: We have only one room left, sir, and the bed is only big enough for one.

"Well, I suppose we'll have to make it. But I hate to have my wife sleep on the floor."—"Journal Amusant" (French).

"Papa, what is a perfect gentleman?" "A perfect gentleman, my son, is a man who, when you start to tell him your troubles, does not break in and try to tell you his."—"Fack" (American).

## Unfounded Rumours.

That a scheme is on foot to give Italian Opera at Covent Garden next season on the two-houses-a-night plan.

That the next Drury Lane pantomime will be played once every morning, twice every afternoon, and three times every evening.

That Mr. Beerbohm Tree has declined £1,000 a week to appear in a Shakespearean sketch at a variety palace.

That an old lady from the country went to the Lyceum the other afternoon and said she had no idea Shakespeare was so amusing, but she wasn't sure which was Sir Henry Irving.—"The Referee."

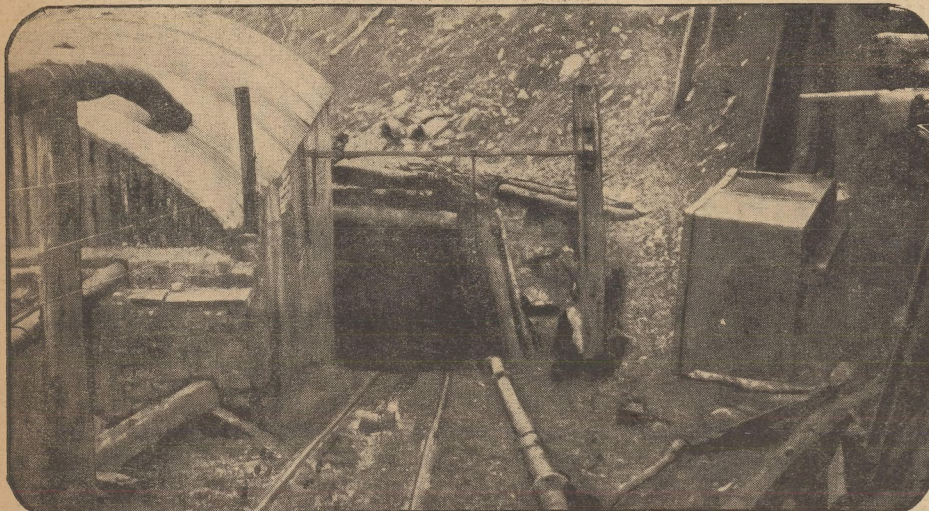


## VICTIMS OF TREACHEROUS ICE AT LEYTONSTONE.



This is probably the only photographic record ever obtained of an actual accident on the ice. The snapshot shows a man and woman wading ashore.

## FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION NEAR SWANSEA.



The entrance to the pit at Gowerton, near Swansea, where a terrible colliery disaster occurred on Saturday. Six men were killed outright by a fearful explosion in the mine, and another died while being removed to the hospital. Many more were badly injured.

## TRAINING THE MOTHERS OF THE FUTURE.

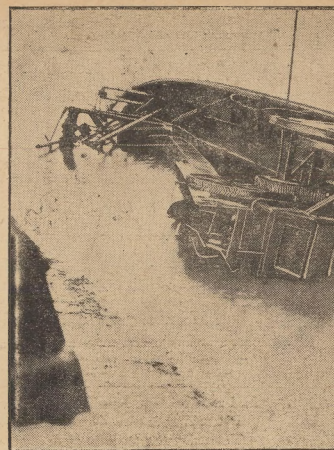


A first-aid lesson at one of the London Board schools. Mr. Benn says the object of the Education Committee of the L.C.C. is to rear good wives and mothers.



Dolls are being used in the schools for the little girls to practise the art of motherhood upon, as shown in this picture.

## A DREDGER S



The condition of the Swansea harbour dredger is shown in this picture. The dredger was capsized, and her captain and crew of fifteen escaped to the shore with their belongings.

## THE HERO OF THE RAILWAY SM



Driver Wright, of the 105th Battery, whose coolness saved many lives after the Yorkshire railway disaster.

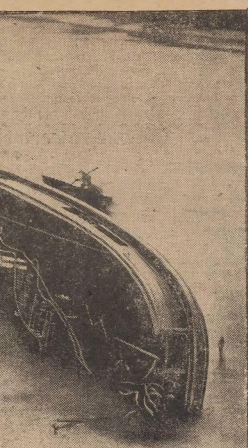
## THE SHAFTESBURY HARRIERS



This photograph of the Shaftesbury Harriers and Crown, Highbury, on their seven miles run, was taken at noon. Mr. E. T. Sibons was the photographer.



## SWANSEA.



collision with the steamer Camel and sank in a few moments, but had no time to save any of their

## E IN A BATH-CHAIR.



hair, as she is photographed, this married at St. Margaret's Church, Barking.

## THEIR SEVEN MILES RACE.



re about to start from the Rose Challenge Cup on Saturday afternoon 50min. 41sec.

## S. CORRIN,



Reading's brilliant outside right, who played a great game on Saturday against Millwall.—(Cribb).

## MARCONI'S FIANCEE.



The Hon. Miss Beatrice O'Brien, half-sister of Lord Inchiquin, who is engaged to be married to Signor Marconi.

## MARVELLOUS BOY PIANIST.



Master Percy Hughes has won over two hundred prizes in pianoforte-playing competitions, and has just been awarded the "John Thomas" scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE PICTURES ON THESE PAGES APPEARS ON PAGE 6.

## WEEK-END SKATING.



There has been good skating on the big lake at Wimbledon, where the photograph above was secured on Saturday.

## RACING ON THE ICE AT LITTLEPORT.



The frost rendered it possible to bring off a professional skating race at Littleport on Saturday, and the committee appear in this photograph.



G. Ward (on the left of the photograph) was the winner of the race of the day at Littleport, beating F. Ward (on the right) by seven yards, after a close contest.

## QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v. BRISTOL ROVERS.



Our picture shows some clever dribbling by Queen's Park, who left the field victors by 5 goals to nil.



## 'THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.'

The Russian Play at the Avenue Theatre Which Tells of the Sufferings of the Jews.

## PROHIBITED IN RUSSIA.

Terrible Picture of an Anti-Jewish Riot on the Stage.

For the first time in the history of the English stage a Russian theatrical company played a Russian play in London on Saturday night. For a week the Avenue Theatre is the home of "The Chosen People," a propagandist play, by Eugen Tchirikoff, on the subject of the position of the Jews in Russia.

And that position proves to be a terrible one. To the British idea the Russian Jew, as revealed in "The Chosen People," is not a particularly lovable person, but then, when one cannot understand the language one is apt to judge too much by appearances. The Russian Jew as he is revealed in "The Chosen People" is certainly not a nice-looking

MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS,



Who will play Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing," at His Majesty's Theatre to-morrow, in place of Miss Viola Tree, who has got the measles.

person. Old Frenkel, a watchmaker, round whose family and their eventual ruin in an anti-Jewish riot the play is woven, would pass as a perfect up-to-date picture of Shylock, while his son Boruch, who is more imbued with Socialism than Zionism, is a perfect type of a tub-thumping agitator, only surpassed by Nachman, the Jewish schoolmaster, and recognised head of the Zionist movement.

The first two acts are given up to tub-thumping. Frenkel's family and Nachman discuss Zionism and the mere Englishman who hears them gets a high opinion of the Russian at the mere thought that he is able to produce such extraordinary sounds out of the human throat. That it is really intelligible language was proved on Saturday by

the violent applause of a number of black-bearded gentlemen with high cheek-bones. Also it is no wonder that Russia is a land of political societies when everyone can make impassioned speeches of any length without the least preparation or warning.

At the end of the second act, things begin to get lively, and it is possible to follow the goings on without a knowledge of Russian, for the company are unquestionably fine actors.

A crowd groans in the street. A would-be borrower of money threatens violence when his request is refused; a policeman rushes in and orders Frenkel's shops to be closed.

The last act is the tragedy. Frenkel's shivering family await the coming of the mob behind barricaded doors. With yells of rage the frenzied peasants attack, doors and windows give way, and with ribald jests old Frenkel and the others are murdered, while Leah, the daughter, takes her own life rather than fall into the hands of the civilised country. No wonder a play which shows how misplaced is that claim should have been prohibited on the Russian stage. If Russia is capable of meting out such treatment to one section of the population, she is capable of equal atrocities to others.

## MR. LEWIS WALLER

Welcome Reappearance in "Henry V." at the Imperial Theatre.

Mr. Lewis Waller's Henry the Fifth is such a fine, stirring, robust performance that it is no wonder the Imperial Theatre rang with delighted applause on Saturday evening.

Mr. Waller has done very well to put on again Shakespeare's historical panorama-drama, if one may so describe it. It is a play that ought never to rest long unacted. It should be among every child's earliest memories. There would be very few Britons unmindful of their country's greatness if this thrilling story of the war which ended with our victory at Agincourt were really familiar to every mind.

It is played in the right fashion, rhetorically, briskly, moving on from one scene to another, keeping the blood warm with rapid action and eloquent speech. Mr. Waller is the life and soul of the production himself, and where he most needs support he does not seek it in vain.

Pistol is excellent, for instance. Mr. William Mollison sees "the humour of it" with a ready eye, and makes us see it, too. Mr. A. E. George is capital also, as Fluellen, and makes Pistol eat his leek with a quiet drollery and determination that are most effective. Mr. John Beauchamp's old King of France is another striking performance.

This does not exhaust the list of well-known names in the cast whose owners might be missed. But cataloguing is dreary work. Accept the assurance that it is a good, all-round rendering of the best "patriotic drama" we have—and go and see it forthwith.

[Caricatures of Mr. Waller, Mr. Mollison, and Mr. George on page 7.]

## OLD INDUSTRY THREATENED.

The woollen trade of the West of England, which dates back to the time when the Flemish weavers settled in the Avon Valley, seems threatened with extinction.

Scarcely half the number of mills are open now that existed twenty years ago, and they have fewer hands employed.

The chief reason for the decline seems to be lack of enterprise on the part of the manufacturers. They hang on to the old trade in heavy woollens and broadcloth, and do not move with the times.

moment of passionate anger, "Mother, I believe it was all your fault."

Tony Heron is inexpressibly shocked by the tragedy. His feelings recoil. He cannot see Mrs. Tempest again, and, with characteristic cowardice, persuades a worldly-minded but good-hearted friend, Lady Betty Somerville, to break the news to the widow, and offer her, as a solatium, an income of £2,000 a year.

The offer stuns the deserted woman, and her heart breaks; but being absolutely penniless she accepts the money upon the advice of Lady Somerville.

Then three years elapse, and Vanna sees nothing of Anthony Heron. With Joan, now more beautiful than her mother, she is living in Paris.

## CHAPTER XIV. Spectres of the Past.

Lady Betty Somerville wrote to Vanna Tempest occasionally, but she never referred to Anthony Heron. That was only natural. Vanna replied to Lady Betty's really friendly letters, and of course exhibited no curiosity as to Anthony Heron's doings, which was also natural under the circumstances of the case.

The only tie which remained was the quarterly letter from the solicitors in Lincoln's Inn-fields, formally enclosing a cheque for £500, and requesting a receipt.

The position had ceased to be ironic. It had merely become an accepted institution, and she had grown to regard it as such, and to find considerable difficulty in picturing the old life of

## WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING TO-DAY.

### Motors for the Million.

Old superstitions die hard, and one of the most difficult to kill is the conviction so prevalent among the public that motoring is of necessity an exceedingly expensive amusement. I know at least half-a-dozen motorists who would never have gone to the expense of keeping horses—"King."

### Weather and Marriage.

Temperature has a serious effect upon the marriageable chances of girls of different com-

### MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.



Who has been challenged to personal combat for calling Sir William Tomlinson a "miserable old man."—(Russell.)

plexions. It is a noticeable trait in the character of fickle-minded man that during hot weather he gives the preference to his lady friends whose chief charm is their fair complexion, while during the colder seasons the darker beauties reign supreme.—"Health."

### The Winston Churchill Precedent.

It is rumoured that Mr. Morley has asked the Irish Chief Secretary to meet him for a quarter of an hour in the tea-room in the catch-as-catch-can style, and that an amendment will be proposed to the Address signifying the intention of the Opposition to "rag" the entire Cabinet.—"Globe."

### The Reaction Against Hurry.

A man who knows America well told me the other day that he believed the finer-fibered Americans were tired of all this never-ending hustle, whether socially or in business, that they have infected us with. He says it will surprise him if they don't start the reaction, as their intellects are fresh and vigorous, and must rebel against wearing out health and brain to no end whatever, so far as happiness is concerned.—"Diana" in the "Sporting and Dramatic News."

scraping, sordid poverty, of unpaid bills, and wearing economy.

The most extraordinary thing about the whole affair, however, was Joan's total lack of suspicion. Joan had known wealth and poverty and her father's financial position, because she had been a singularly intelligent child, and poor Richard Tempest had found in his daughter the friend and confidante he so lamentably missed in his wife; yet Joan had asked no questions, and had calmly accepted the very materially altered state of affairs, and the difference between two or three hundred a year and Rosemary Cottage and the appartement in the Rue Marbeuf and a couple of thousand was very material indeed.

Vanna sometimes wondered at this. As to herself, even though the payment of the income had become an institution, there was nothing in the wide world she would so much like to do as to return every penny she had received from Anthony Heron, with compound interest and her frigid thanks. But that was a doubtful satisfaction, which was morally certain to be denied her in this life. Meantime, two thousand a year made a great many things possible; in fact, it made life quite a comfortable thing, and it enabled her to give Joan a chance.

Not that she cared very much about Joan, or Joan's chances. There had never been a very close affection between mother and daughter, and lately, since Richard's death, they had drifted further apart. They had no tastes in common, and they viewed life from the two opposite poles of opinion.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### MUSIC BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Can it be possible that anyone in England really enjoys what seems to foreigners the intolerable nuisance of the orchestra in London theatres?

Nowhere else in Europe do people allow their conversation to be drowned, their nerves to be disordered, and headaches to be prepared for them, by this insensate and irrelevant din between the acts.

Is the custom continued because your plays are so bad that managers want to stifle all comment upon them? TORTURED.

Philbeach-gardens, S.W.

### DENTISTS' FEES.

Unless a change is made dentists will soon be charging as much as physicians.

I went to a dentist in the fashionable doctors' district of West London the other day and found that he proposed to charge me two guineas an hour for his time, with extra charges for materials supplied.

I am pretty well up in my profession, but I cannot make two guineas an hour by honest work, and I do not know any engineer who can. Edgbaston, Birmingham. ENGINEER.

### UNFINISHED GRAVES.

Referring to "W. M.'s" inquiry as to whether it is the rule to leave graves unfinished for any length of time, I may say that my mother was buried just three weeks ago, and a fortnight after her funeral I visited Finchley Cemetery with the object of placing a few flowers on the grave.

I was naturally surprised to find the grave just as it had been left on the day of the funeral, with the exception that a board had been placed across it. On lifting up the board I could see the coffin quite plainly, the only covering being the burrow-load of dust they had thrown down on the day of the funeral.

In my opinion this is a shocking state of affairs. N. W. WIRTH.

### IS THERE ANY REDRESS?

I have just had some shirts and collars sent home from the laundry. The collars I cannot wear, and the buttonholes of the shirts are nearly severed, or torn right out.

I am informed that the buttonholes are placed over French nails, or something similar, and held on a board whilst the fronts are scrubbed. In this way sometimes the whole front is torn from the shirt, as I can prove.

What I want to know is—Can I compel the laundry to replace my ruined shirts and collars? EXASPERATED.

### FOOD FADDISTS ALL CRANKS.

Is not "Beefsteak" very much in error when he says that no vegetarian ever attained distinction? You cannot find a finer race of men than the Highlanders: they live chiefly on oatmeal porridge.

The Hindoos live chiefly on rice. Yet there are plenty of eminent men among them.

D. Z. BEAUMONT.

Greystoke, Church-road, Upper Norwood.

Most words in the English language are capable of at least two meanings. I suggest that one definition of the word "crank" is that it is "a small thing which causes revolutions."

May I further suggest to your correspondent that revolutions are necessary to any kind of progress, ethical as well as material? But I should be surprised if this side of the question would interest anyone who could express his sentiments over such a som de plume as he has chosen.

Gray's Inn-square, W.C. E. SPRINGETT.

### OUR NEW SERIAL.

## A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON  
and HEATH HOSKEN.

### NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

A story of tragic irony and of the "eternal triangle"—two men and one woman.

Vanna Tempest was loved by Anthony Heron; and her husband, Dick Tempest, the best and kindest of souls, a man in a million, came to the conclusion that he was in the way. It all happened out of a burst of generosity on the part of the husband, who, desiring that his discontented wife should taste for a time the joy of luxury and gaiety which had once been hers in prosperous days, placed in her hands the sum of £800 (the result of a speculation advised by Heron), saying, "Go up to London and have a good time. Anthony Heron will look after you."

Anthony Heron was a financier, a man of strong individuality and fascinating personality. In vain the woman struggled against the new love that was awakened, and soon she was meeting her lover by stealth for an hour or two at a time, drifting into danger.

Suddenly Dick Tempest learns of his wife's deception, and commits suicide to free her from the bondage of her marriage. Vanna Tempest returns home, after an apparently innocent visit to London, to find her husband dead. Her daughter Joan, a girl always strongly attached to her father, is grief-stricken, and says in a

Joan had been Richard's child. Joan grew more like Richard every day.

Vanna little knew how much the father had been to the girl, and how she missed him and cried herself to sleep in the lonely watches of the night—the hopeless longing for the sound of that dead voice. Richard Tempest had, of his own will, journeyed out into the Great Unknown. Whatever may have been the motives which prompted his arrogation of the right which could belong to none but his Maker, he left one very sad and miserable little soul to suffer and fight alone in silence, and wonder fearfully why God had taken daddy from her. Richard Tempest had loved his little Joan, and he remained for a long time the most beautiful memory of her life.

Joan cared little for luxury, which was as the breath of life to Vanna. She hated the life her mother led, hated Paris and the life there, and longed with a great homesickness for England, from which, for some unknown reason, she had been made an exile.

She was unconventional to a degree, and consequently she made very few friends, and had fewer acquaintances. There was something of the tomboy about the girl. She was out of place in the Rue Marbeuf, out of sympathy with the whole trend of her mother's life. She would have been in her element riding to hounds, or playing hockey, or, in fact, doing anything that was breezy and healthy and out-of-doors.

In Paris she found her outlet in the Latin Quarter. That is where she found the beggared Vanna to live. People were natural and human there, and there she had found one friend, Billy Charteris, the young man of whom she had often said to Vanna that he was "as good as a brother."

[Continued on page 11.]







## All-round Health at Home



All Round Health at Home can always be kept up and health restored after illness with Scott's Emulsion. The second great thing about Scott's Emulsion—the first is the fact that Scott's Emulsion cures anyone, the youngest, the oldest and the sick people of all ages in between. This is because Scott's Emulsion cures the condition,—the age of the sufferer makes no difference, except perhaps in the size of the dose. Include Scott's Emulsion in your household necessities—it keeps sweet to the last dose—and when strength is wanting for anyone, the baby, the child, the man, or yourself, Scott's Emulsion will bring it back. Scott's Emulsion is the perfect "bringer-back" of strength, the great "thrower-out" of disease! Scott's Emulsion throws out all diseases of the throat, lungs, blood and bones. It is cod-liver oil—but cod-liver oil agreeable to taste and small and perfectly digestible. In Scott's Emulsion the cod-liver oil is three times as curative as in any other form known. Send 4d. for postage, mention this paper, and you will receive free sample bottle and a charming children's booklet.

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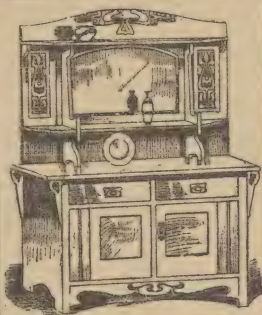
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# SUMPTUOUS DRESSES SKETCHED AT THE REVIVAL OF "HENRY V." AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

## STAGE TOILETTES.

### MODERN ACTRESSES IN OLD WORLD ATTIRE.

How often, whilst looking at pictures of the dresses of ancient days, has the criticism sprung to the mind, "How could women wear such absurd and extraordinary fashions?"

How was it possible, for example, that the exaggerated head-dress of the days of Henry V. could

curious horned erection that was popular then. The opinion of the women of to-day will be changed entirely with respect to this detail when she sees how remarkably becoming the headgear of that period was. Proof positive is now forthcoming at the Imperial Theatre, where in the very last act of Henry V. a number of sumptuous toilettes are to be seen.

Prominent among them is the one worn by Miss Mary Lewis, who, as Isabel Queen of France, looks superb in the wonderfully splendid gown and gorgeous head-dress in which she is depicted in the sketch on this page. The head-dress is certainly the most prominent item of the toilette, and must

magnificently decorated. Behind it hangs a long white veil.

To soften the contour of the face a pleated flounce of white chiffon hemmed with silver is worn beneath the head-dress, and just a little chestnut hair is allowed to show—a liberty, I fancy, but a very excusable one, that has been taken with the pictures of old days, for the sole aim of the ladies of that remote period appeared to be to hide the hair they possessed completely.

### A Bewitching Princess.

The dress is a gorgeous one and suits Miss Lewis perfectly. The closely-fitting bodice is made of pearl grey satin bordered with ermine and trimmed about the shoulders with a very handsome jewelled strap, which hangs down the front, and the petticoat is composed of the richest oyster-white damask, embroidered by hand all over in all the colours of the rainbow, so mellowed that they strike not one single garish note. Here again there is a bordering of royal ermine. From the shoulders hangs an excessively voluminous train covered with appliqué pomegranates embroidered by hand upon a background of gold tissue. There is a lining of emerald green satin to this train and a rich bordering of ermine.

One of the most glorious pictures of this glorious play is the one that greets the eye in Act IV., when on one side of the stage King Harry of England is described occupying a throne, and on the other is the French King, Charles VI., surrounded by his Queen, Isabel, his daughter, Katherine, and the ladies and gentlemen of his Court.

### Charming Broken English.

Miss Sarah Brooke plays the part of Katherine, whose broken English is so charming, and whose scene with Henry V. is one of the gems of the play. She looks completely delightful in her gown of gold tissue, pale blue silk and delicate, mustard-coloured crepe du Chine, which last fabric composes the soft full skirt, and is covered with a vermilion pattern executed in gold sequins.

Her bodice is made of gold tissue, with a broad fish-bone band of gold velvet brought over the shoulders and caught together at the waist with splendid blue and diamond jewels. The gold tissue sleeves are very long, are slashed at the edges, and are lined with pale blue tissue, while there are also tight under-sleeves that match her bodice. Miss Brooke's splendid dark hair is braided in two long plaits, intertwined with pearls, and on her head she wears the crown of France.

As in the chorus Miss Mary Rorke is habited in classical Greek robes of pure white, trimmed with gold, in which she looks most stately and charm-

ing. This dress is as far as the poles asunder from the fantastic ones of the period of the play, yet both types have their merits, and are truly a feast to the eyes.

## THE TOILET TABLE.

### SIMPLE HINTS ON BEAUTY'S BEHALF.

One of the requisites of the toilet table, which fortunately can be procured without expense or trouble, is a jar of common table-salt. It is a panacea for many ills.

A little salt dissolved in warm water is sure to remove the slight inflammation of eyelids reddened by a motor drive or bicycle ride in the wind. If used as a gargle it will allay any slight irritation of the throat, and a little should be put occasionally into the water in which the teeth are brushed, as it helps to harden the gums. Another item which is also most useful is boracic acid, which is even better in solution for the eyes than salt.

Tincture of camphor or tincture of myrrh dropped into water is an excellent wash for the mouth and throat. When the latter is used the proper proportion is ten drops of myrrh in a glass of water. Powdered alum is an important adjunct; a little should be thrown into the water in which the hands are bathed before putting on gloves for a crowded reception or ball, when there might be a tendency to perspire too freely.

An equal mixture of lemon-juice and glycerine is another aid to beauty, for it whitens as well as softens the hands.

## SCENTED BATHS.

Scented baths are one of the extravagances of the luxury-loving beauty. They are spiced with herbs and musk, and great dashes of bath perfume are thrown into the tub.

Though they are too expensive for the average woman, there are ways that even the economical can try, in order to achieve the acme of delightful ablutions. Oil of geranium, added to a melted cake of soap, that is allowed to harden again, will be found very fragrant, and a very little oil of geranium in a bath is delicious. But do not add the geranium oil directly to the water, for it will not mix. Take oil of rose geranium and add it to twenty-five times its bulk of pure alcohol. Let it stand for a month, and it is ready for the bath.



Gowns worn by Miss Sarah Brooke, as the Princess Katherine, and Miss Mary Lewis, as the Queen of France, in the Shakespearian revival of Saturday last.

do otherwise than distort the beauty of the women of those times? Even the loveliest among them must have had her comeliness minimised by the steep head-dress, over a yard high, and the

be uncomfortably heavy, though it does look so regal. It is made of gold thickly encrusted with jewels, both large and small, of many vivid colours, and is surmounted by the Crown of France, also

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

delicate immaturity. She sat silently beside her mother in the coupe, with her hands crisped at her sides. The dinner before her was nothing short of a frightful ordeal, for she was intensely nervous, for all her air of indifferent self-possession.

It was a very gay dinner, given by a young and extremely wealthy American widow, in her splendid hotel in the Rue du Berri.

Joan found herself being taken in by an elderly diplomat, but on her other side was a young man, with an absurdly boyish face, twinkling blue eyes, and yellow hair. As the long dinner progressed this young man turned more and more to her, and there was no mistaking the look of admiration that grew and deepened in his eyes.

Joan found herself talking to him quite naturally; he was so boyish and unaffected, and he asked so many questions, and seemed so interested in everything.

"Do you think your mother would let me call on her?" he asked, towards the end of the sumptuous repast.

"I'm sure she'd be pleased," the girl answered; but she retreated into her shell a little. "Mother has heaps of friends; she knows everyone in Paris." "I say," the young man said, "would you mind telling me your name?"

"Tempest—Joan Tempest." "Thanks, awfully. I do hope Mrs. Tempest will allow me to call. And I say, Miss Tempest," he added, with a most engaging boyish candour, "do you ever smile?"

The suddenness and unexpectedness of the question disarmed her. Immediately that wonderful radiant glow broke over her face, and the young

man stared at her in silence, looking half dazed, and, before he could speak, the hostess had given the signal, and the women's chairs rattled on the parquet floor.

The young man sank back into his chair, silent among the buzz of the other men's loosened tongues. He seemed oblivious of the port decanter that was passed to him.

"By jove," he muttered to himself. "What a smile! What a face!"

"Who was that nice-looking boy who entirely neglected his other neighbour to devote himself to you?" Vanna asked her daughter as the girl came to her side, seeking protection from the other women, who all frightened her with their smart talk, and their blazing jewels and indecent dresses.

"I don't know his name," Joan answered. "His face is so familiar to me," said her mother, straining after some forgotten memory. "For the life of me I can't think where I have seen him before."

"He asked if he might call on you," Joan said indifferently. "He seemed rather nice."

A few moments later, the hostess, who was sorting the girls who were going to dance, from their elders, who were going to play bridge or baccarat, found herself by Vanna's side.

"Wasn't I right to tell you to bring your girl, dear Mrs. Tempest?" the pretty, lively American asked in an arch whisper. "Did you see the impression she created at dinner? That fair young man's one of the biggest catches in Europe."

"What is his name?" asked Vanna quickly. Her hostess's words had given a jog to her memory, but still she could not remember. "The Duke of St. Peter's," answered Mrs. Frankel, with all the reverence of a good American for the exalted name.

(To be continued.)

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## LEADING NORTHERN UNION CLUBS WIN.

Oldham, Bradford, and Broughton  
Rangers Still Lead the Way.

### HALIFAX RETURN TO FORM.

Although Saturday's Northern Union games produced several close results, no actual surprises have to be recorded, and so Oldham, Bradford, and Broughton Rangers keep together, cheek by jowl, at the head of the First Division, with Leeds in readiness to advance should either of the three leading clubs make a slip.

To Oldham fell the most sweeping triumph of the day, and that despite the absence of such stars as Lewis, Spottiswoode, and Dixon, Hunslet being helpless to stay the onward march of the Lancastrians. As usual, Oldham came out strongly in the second half, when the Hunslet forwards, gallantly though they struggled, were overruled.

The Oldham three-quarter line, splendidly served by Lawton and Lees, showed many delightful bits of combination. No one was more brilliant than Cuthbert, who came in as substitute for Lewis. Ferguson distinguished himself by scoring four goals for the home lot, while Albert Goldthorpe, by way of demonstrating what he can do in his department of the game, scored Hunslet's two points by means of a lovely effort.

One of the best tries of the day was that recorded by McLean. Place was a better full-back than the Oldham representative, Thomas, who made many nulls. On the whole, Oldham's form must have been very reassuring to their friends.

The Bradford-Warrington match was worth going to see, if only for the brilliant run participated in by Dechan and Fish, two of the most attractive players in the Northern Union. It was thrilling to watch Fish overhaul the Bradford man, who is anything but slow-moving, and prevent what seemed to be a certain score. Bradford won only by two points, after being behind at half-time, yet had a very large margin.

They owed their try to a palpable fluke, and generally were inferior to Bradford in the matter of tactics. Marsden, the home captain, had the satisfaction of scoring all his side's points, and everyone is pleased to see Rogers more disposed to part with the ball.

Broughton Rangers triumphed at St. Helens by virtue of a more intelligent play. Their forwards were splendidly held by the St. Helens pack. Horton and Sam James were admirable at the base of the scrum, and some of the combined efforts they initiated were pretty to look at. Both the Rangers' tries, scored by Harris and Harry, were cleverly executed. Traynor kicked three goals for St. Helens, whose latest recruits, Hillen and Duffy, shaped promisingly.

Exciting play marked the Salford-Leeds engagement at Headingley, where, as usual, the presence of Lomas, formerly a member of the Bramley team, seemed to greatly agitate the spectators, whose attitude to the famous Cumberland may not be taken as a compliment by the player himself. Closely shadowed though Lomas was, he contrived to do many smart things, and as a combination Salford's backs were superior to those of Leeds, well as Brayshaw played.

Wretched in the extreme was the play produced by the Wigan-Batley encounter, and so far from piling up the anticipated big score, Wigan succeeded by means of a splendid goal kicked by Hopkins. This was the one illuminating incident of the game. Hull were extremely lucky to beat Wakefield Trinity, who were feverishly leading a few minutes from the end, but were finally beaten, thanks to a try scored by Wade, after a desperate struggle. In fairness to Hull, it should be stated that they were weak behind, owing to absenteeism. Goodfellow being one of those not taking part in the match.

After many days Halifax, with a reorganised team, registered a win, Leigh's visit to Hanson-land being the happy occasion. The Cup-holders' outlook was brightening black indeed, but the result was a relief. Runcorn v. Widnes, and Huddersfield v. Bramley matches could not be played owing to frost.

#### LEAGUE—Division I.

Pts.	Warrington	Pts.
Bradford (h)	2	0
Wigan (h)	2	0
Halifax (h)	2	0
Hull (h)	3	0
Broughton Rangers	3	0
Leeds (h)	15	10
Oldham (h)	20	2
Runcorn v. Widnes and St. Helens v. Hull Kingston Rovers abandoned.		

#### Division II.

Pts.	Millom	Pts.
Lancaster (h)	3	0
Keighley (h)	16	0
Batley (h)	15	0
Preston (h)	15	0
Barrow (h)	15	0
Huddersfield	15	0

#### POSITIONS OF THE CLUBS.

	Pts					
	Played	Won	Lost	Dra	For	Agst
Oldham	22	17	5	0	195	94
Bradford	22	15	5	2	182	110
Broughton Rangers	21	15	5	0	170	100
Leeds	21	13	7	1	164	111
Hunslet	22	13	9	0	164	111
Wigan	21	12	8	1	151	103
Warrington	21	11	8	2	133	88
Hull K. Rovers	21	11	10	0	136	115
Hull	21	10	9	2	133	122
Salford	21	11	10	0	143	113
Leigh	21	9	11	1	96	122
Swinton	20	9	12	1	106	141
Halifax	25	8	14	0	92	114
Widnes	20	7	12	1	81	175
St. Helens	22	7	13	1	127	200
Wakefield	22	7	14	1	84	123
Runcorn	19	10	9	0	106	168
Batley	21	4	16	1	81	175

### LADIES' HOCKEY CONTESTS.

At Weston-super-Mare on Saturday the Western Counties Ladies' Hockey Tournament, which had been in progress throughout the week, was brought to a conclusion.

Devonshire met Somersetshire, and a keen game ended in a draw of 2 to 2. Dorsetshire maintained their supremacy by defeating Wiltshire by 2 to nil; and Gloucestershire had matters all their own way against Cornwall, whom they defeated by 6 to 0.

On the week's play Dorsetshire gained the victory. In the five matches played they gained four victories and drew the remaining match. Gloucestershire were second.

### BILLIARDS FIASCO.

Stevenson and Dawson Play a Drawn  
Game—No Chance of a Finish.

As might have been foreseen from the position in which the game stood overnight, it was found impossible to bring the great billiard match of 18,000 up level between Dawson and Stevenson at the Argyle Hall to a definite issue on Saturday.

The cause of this unsatisfactory termination to the game can be found in the absurd conditions laid down to govern it, the articles of agreement stating that during the first nine days play at each session should not last longer than two hours. This time limit was added to rigidly, the consequence being that at the end of the ninth day the men were considerably behind their proper position of points.

Very little of the lost ground was recovered on Thursday and Friday, and when the last stage of the match was entered upon the situation had become a hopeless one. Stevenson requiring no fewer than 2,711 or victory, and Dawson actually wanting 1,148 more than number. It would appear as though it was never intended to let the match be finished.

Stevenson made a superb effort, but even had play been continued until midnight on Saturday it is very doubtful if he would have won, for when, at eleven o'clock, the game was abandoned, he still needed 595 to win. It is to be hoped that when next these professionals meet in a long game no restriction as to time will be made.

That men who are presumably in the best physical condition should not play billiards for more than four hours a day during three-fourths of the match, with three hours between the sessions, is, to say the least of it, grotesque.

#### Saturday's Play.

In the circumstances it is not necessary to refer in detail to the play on Saturday. In the afternoon, when every available seat in the saloon was occupied, Stevenson showed the more consistent form, and his scoring 1,098 to his rival's 984 increased his lead from 1,148 to 1,200.

On two occasions Dawson was seen to the very best advantage, first in a run of 245 and a little later in a break of 271. He took even more care than usual, but when the position had been secured he played the top-splendour game to perfection, his control over the ball being complete.

Stevenson's best runs were 190, 170, 160, 99, 86, 82, 71, 61, 55, and 59, which were made in rapid succession. At the interval the scores were: Stevenson, 16,325; Dawson, 15,121.

At night some play of a very high order was witnessed, but as there was never the slightest probability of finishing the game the proceedings fell decidedly flat. The best breaks were a stringing 359, 108, 92 (twice), and 88 by Dawson, and 236, 246, 124, 123, and 74 by Stevenson.

At the close the referee, Alec Taylor, made an appeal to the players to come to some agreement, and suggested that the men should meet at twelve o'clock to-day to finish the match, but Dawson refused point blank, and there the matter ended. Final scores: Stevenson, 17,411; Dawson, 16,093.

Thus ended a display of superb and exciting billiards, but it is doubtful if another meeting between the players on the same terms would draw as big a gate. The public have some rights, even matters of life and death, and they are apt to remember, and be sensible.

#### HARVEKSON V. BATEMAN.

The tournament game of 9,000 up between Harveson (receives 2,500) and Bateman (receives 2,500) at Sohore resulted in an easy win for Harveson by 2,633 points.

The best breaks during the day were 64, 87, 61, 71, and 100 by Harveson, and 81, 49, 88, and 40 by Bateman. Closing scores: Harveson, 9,000; Bateman, 6,367.

### THE CITY.

#### Week of Depression Ends Dismally—

Fears of Russian Emeute—Continent Philosophical—Kaffir Weakness.

CAPE COURT, Saturday.—The stock markets wound up a week of depression with a rather dismal Saturday. Fears of an outbreak at St. Petersburg to-morrow was the dominating factor, while the news that the Russian fleet had been ordered to leave Madagascar and cruise about in the Indian Ocean did not cheer up the markets under the circumstances. Consols fell to 88 and other stocks suffered in sympathy. The East London (Cape Colony) loan was pronounced a success, the lists being closed to-day, and the market quoted the scrip at premium.

Considering the political outlook and the effect that a revolution might have upon Paris, the Continental bourses merely took a philosophical view of the situation, and were more inclined to support than to sell markets. Russians were decidedly firm on the chance of the war being ended through the Russian interest. Spanish bonds were well supported.

There was practically little or no support for Home Rails, and prices broke down rather badly, especially for South-Eastern and Chatham issues on sales before the report. Dover "A" touched 81 and closed at 82. Heavy rails also marked substantial declines, and Scotch stocks showed some weakness.

The American market contrasted rather favourably with the rest of the "House" and it was much easier to deal in Americans than in British railway stocks. Erie were bought from the Continent. Northern Securities were sold at 125. Loulles were much in demand, also advanced. A good Bank statement is expected to-day in New York.

#### Grand Trunks Collapse.

Grand Trunks, having held up firmly during the fall in other markets, collapsed to-day and closed weak. The decline was due to bear sales and country liquidation. Foreign Rails were inactive and lower in a few instances, though there was no pressure to sell.

In the industrial section Hudson's Bays fell to 30. Electric lighting shares were in some demand. City Electric being bid for on the company extending its operations south of the river. Calico Printers gave way to 15. Anglo S. S. S. stock was again weaker. London Dock Deferred had a further rally.

The South African dealers are not looking forward to the settlement next week with any satisfaction, and declines in the account are already serious enough, and would any trouble break out to-morrow or the beginning of the week in Russia, the market would stand on a shaky basis. A rally before making-up day on Tuesday next. The preliminary carry-over on Monday ought to show a much-needed account open for the rise, and rates should be easier. Prices were weak all the session, but Paris supported the market to some extent, and caused a leader in London. The market closed lower on Tuesday. Rhodesians especially so. West Africans were but little dealt in, and prices showed scarcely any change, except for some weakness in Orange River, which fell to 1 3/8. Westralians were quite lifeless. Great Fingalls gave way to 84 and Ivanhoves were dull. Hannan's Stars were a trifle better. Indian mines were featureless.

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